ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!

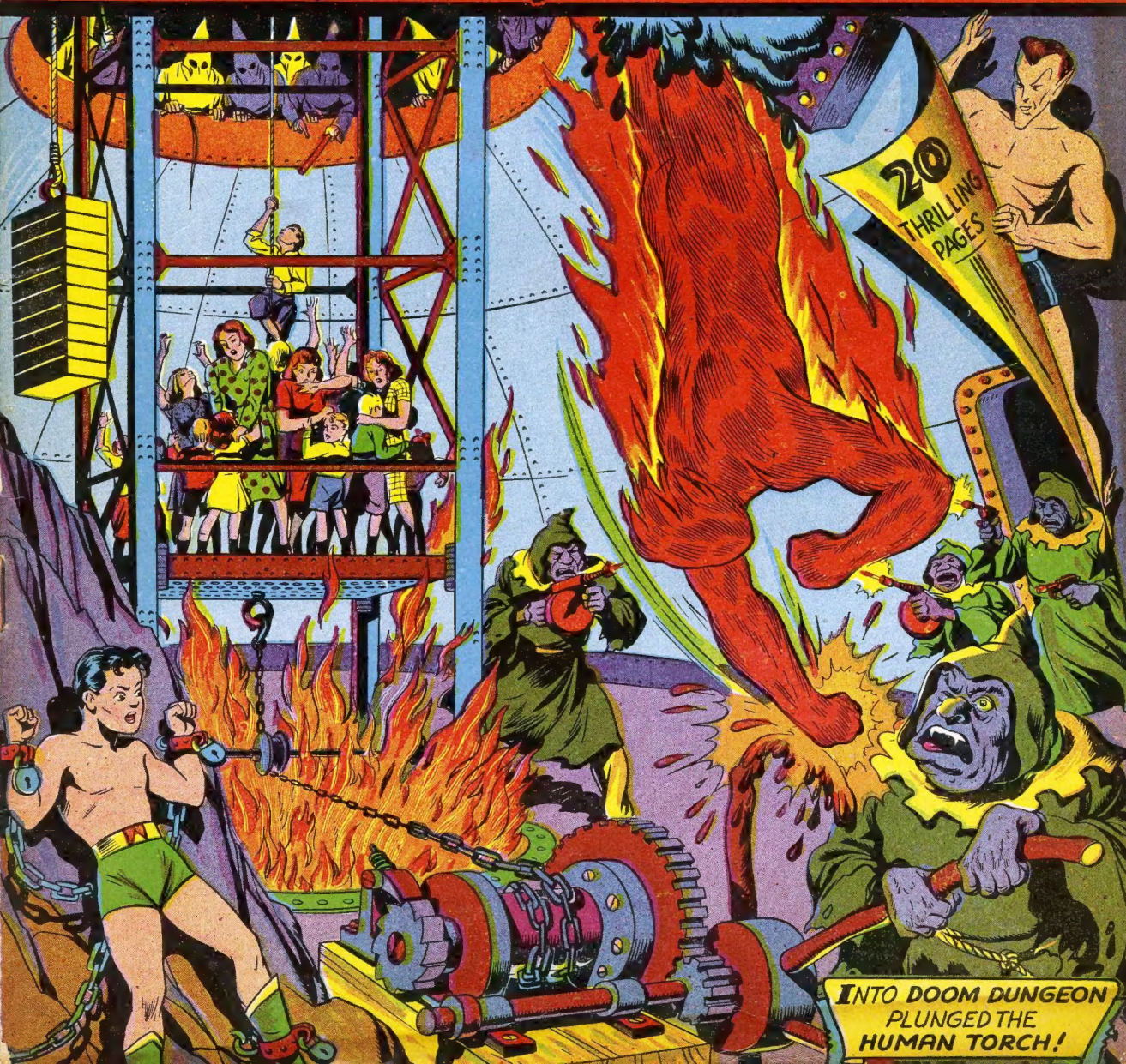
THE HUMAN TORCH

WINTER NUMBER

10¢

NO. 6

ALSO the SUB-MARINER



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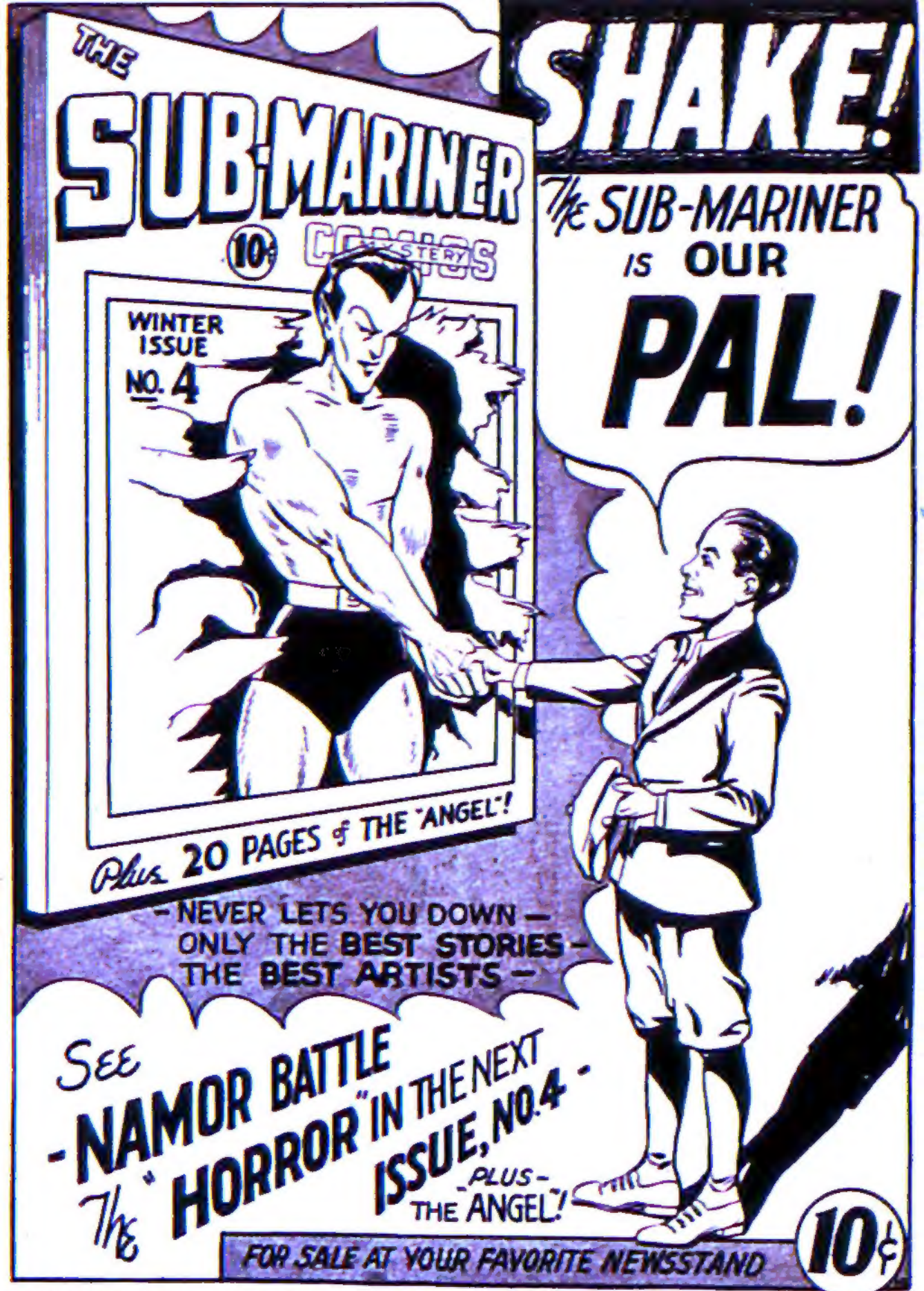
THE SUB-MARINER
10¢ COMICS
MYSTERY
WINTER ISSUE NO. 4
SHAKE!
The SUB-MARINER IS OUR PAL!
Plus 20 PAGES of THE "ANGEL"!
- NEVER LETS YOU DOWN —
ONLY THE BEST STORIES -
THE BEST ARTISTS —
See - NAMOR BATTLE The "HORROR" IN THE NEXT ISSUE, NO. 4 -
- PLUS - THE ANGEL!
FOR SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
10¢

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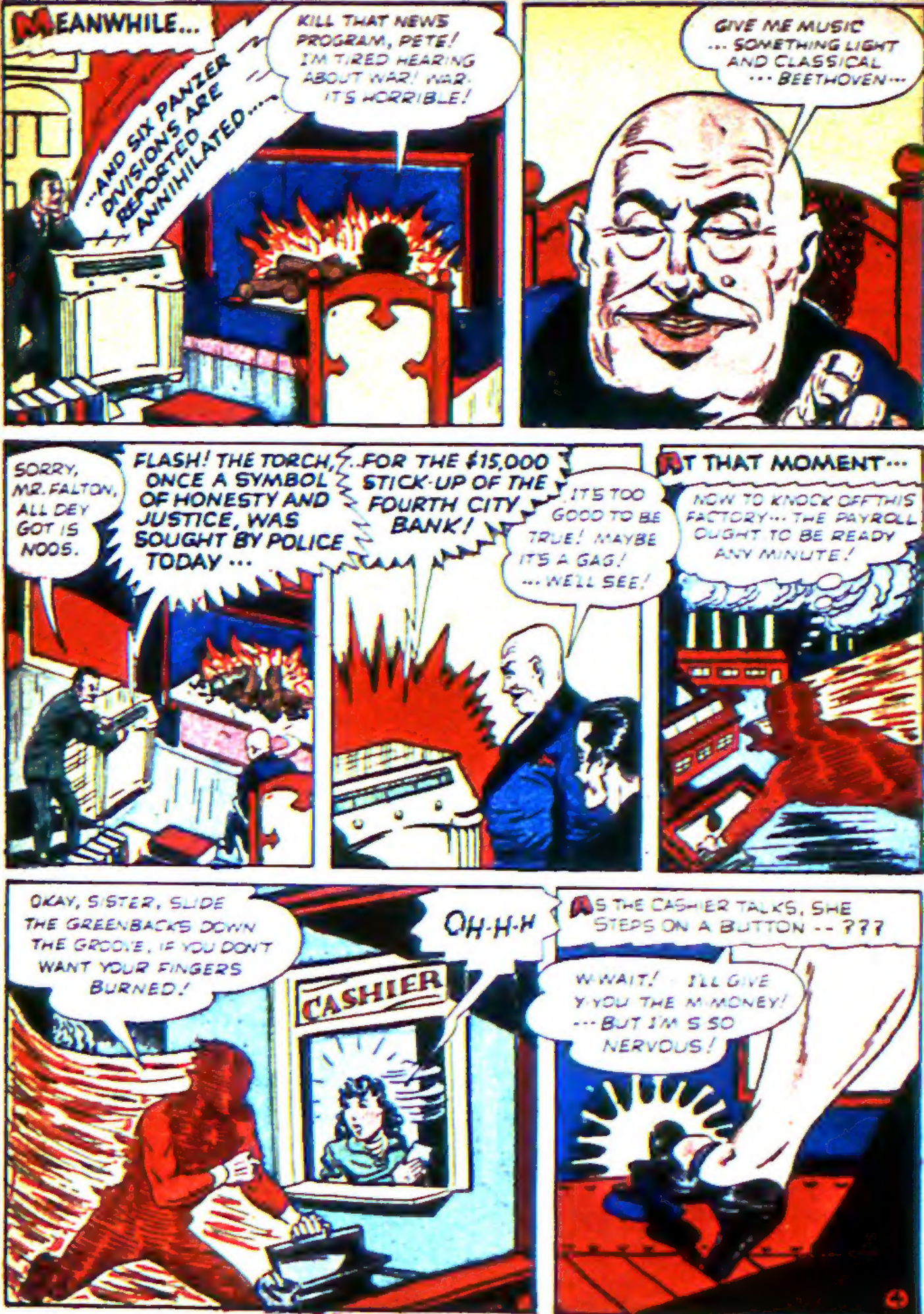
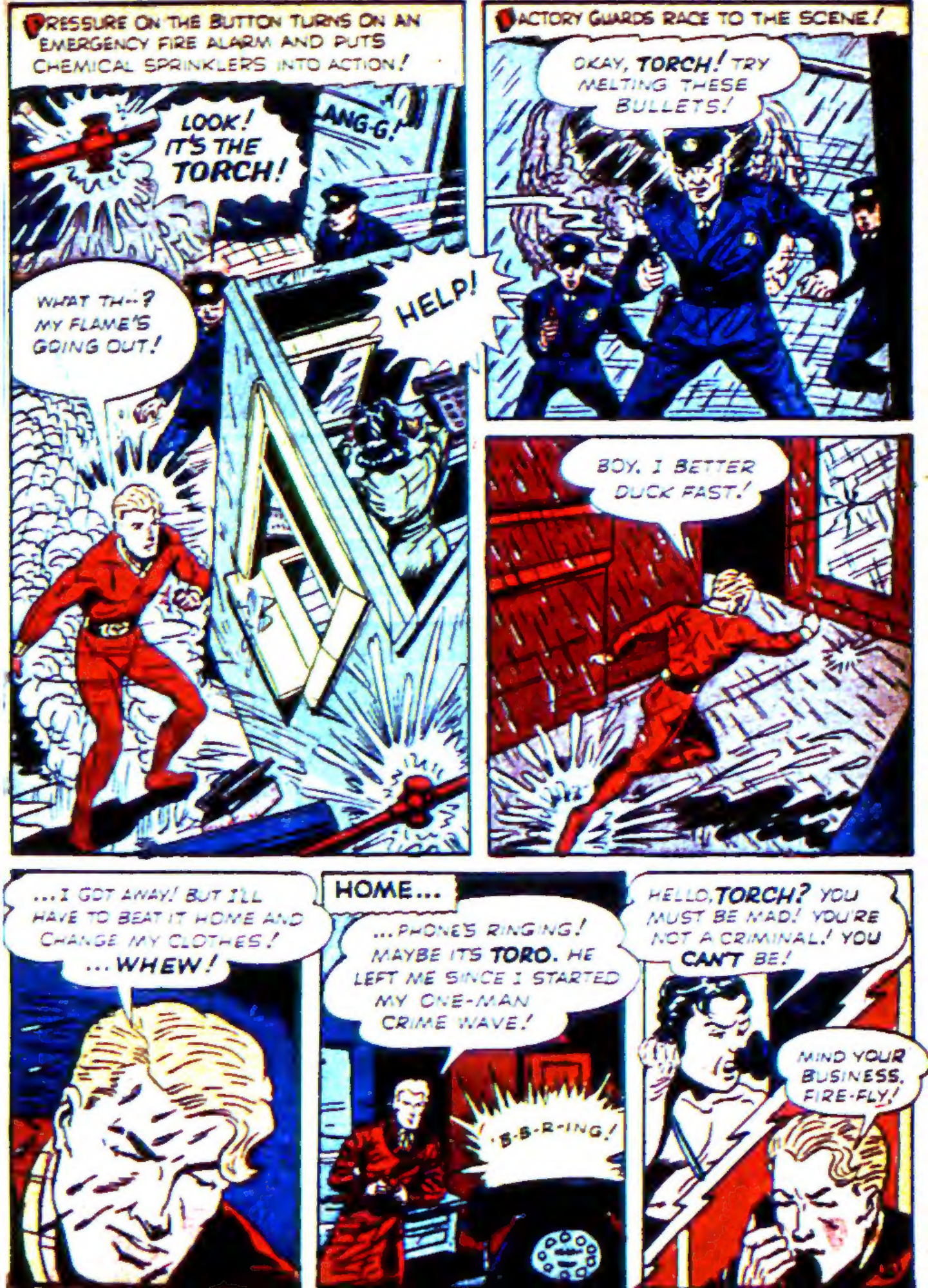
THE MEN WHO MADE CRIME A BUSINESS SAID, "BUSINESS IS BAD." AND THEN THEIR MACHINES BEGAN HUMMING, CHURNING OUT TOOLS OF DEATH FOR THE BLOODY HANDS OF A MOB OF MURDER-HUNGRY, MONEY-MAD TERRORISTS! YES, THE MACHINES WERE GOING FULL-BLAST, BUT YOU COULDN'T PUT YOUR FINGER ON WHERE THEY WERE HIDDEN.

CAN THE TORCH FIND THE SECRET ARSENAL WHERE THE WEAPONS WERE MADE AND STORED?

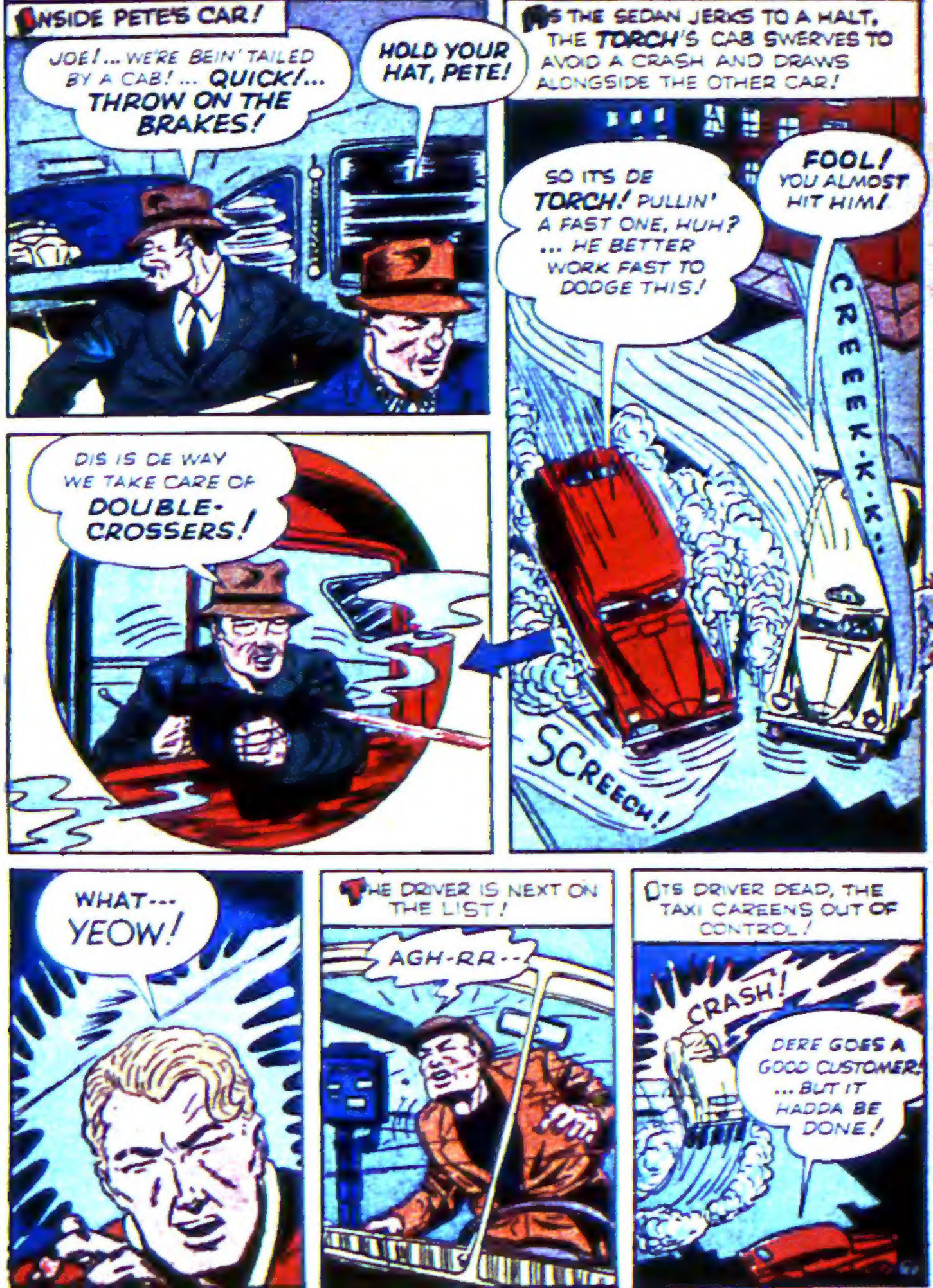
CRIME SWEEPS NATION!
MASTER MIND SOUGHT!
POLICE & G-MEN BAFFLED!
... AT THE HOME OF THE HUMAN TORCH.
WHAT GETS ME IS --WHERE ARE THOSE MOBS GETTING ALL THE AMMUNITION!
THEY'VE BEEN THROWING ENOUGH LEAD TO START A GOOD-SIZED WAR!
FAR AS I KNOW, ALL OUR MUNITIONS FACTORIES ARE BUSY WITH DEFENSE WORK -- SURELY THE GANGS HAVEN'T ANY PRIORITIES ON MUNITIONS!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT -- TURN GANGSTER!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
--I-I-ER--I DON'T KNOW --- JUST FOR A STROLL!
--CAN'T INVOLVE THE KID IN THIS!
... SUSPICIONS ROUSED, TORO TRAILS THE TORCH!
... I THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS BREWING! HE'S GOING INTO HEADQUARTERS!... ...WELL, IF HE THINKS HE'S GONNA SQUEEZE ME OUT, HE'S NUTS!
LATER...
NOW, HE'S GOING INTO A BANK!... SAY, HE HASN'T GOT ANY ACCOUNT THERE ...UNLESS HE'S BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME!

GOOD AFTERNOON! ... WANT TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT?
NO, MISTER, ... I WANT TO CLOSE ONE!
HAND OVER THE DOUGH OR I'LL MELT THIS PLACE DOWN OVER YOUR EARS!
GULP! ... YES! ... SURE... HERE!
THE TORCH SUBDUES THE FLAMES ON HIS HANDS ONLY!
...GOTTA BE CAREFUL! THIS STUFF IS EXPENSIVE! ..UH..OH, THAT WOMAN!
OH...OH! ... A HOLD-UP!
GET THE POLICE! A HOLD-UP! THE HUMAN TORCH!
GANGWAY!
UGH!
I SAW THE WHOLE THING, TORCH! ...JUST A MINUTE!
FIRE-BALLS, EH?
WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THIS, PUNK... CALL A COP! HA, HA!
I-I CAN'T SEE! I'M SURROUNDED!


MEANWHILE...
...AND SIX PANZER DIVISIONS ARE REPORTED ANNIHILATED....
KILL THAT NEWS PROGRAM, PETE! I'M TIRED HEARING ABOUT WAR! WAR. IT'S HORRIBLE!
GIVE ME MUSIC ... SOMETHING LIGHT AND CLASSICAL ... BEETHOVEN...
SORRY, MR. FALTON, ALL DEY GOT IS NOOS.
FLASH! THE TORCH, ONCE A SYMBOL OF HONESTY AND JUSTICE, WAS SOUGHT BY POLICE TODAY ...
...FOR THE $15,000 STICK-UP OF THE FOURTH CITY BANK!
IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MAYBE IT'S A GAG! ... WE'LL SEE!
AT THAT MOMENT...
NOW TO KNOCK OFF THIS FACTORY... THE PAYROLL OUGHT TO BE READY ANY MINUTE!
OKAY, SISTER, SLIDE THE GREENBACKS DOWN THE GROOVE, IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR FINGERS BURNED!
CASHIER
OH-H-H
AS THE CASHIER TALKS, SHE STEPS ON A BUTTON -- ???
W-WAIT! I'LL GIVE Y-YOU THE M-MONEY! ...BUT I'M S-SO NERVOUS!


PRESSURE ON THE BUTTON TURNS ON AN EMERGENCY FIRE ALARM AND PUTS CHEMICAL SPRINKLERS INTO ACTION!
LOOK! IT'S THE TORCH!
LANG-G!
WHAT TH--? MY FLAME'S GOING OUT!
HELP!
FACTORY GUARDS RACE TO THE SCENE!
OKAY, TORCH! TRY MELTING THESE BULLETS!
BOY, I BETTER DUCK FAST!
...I GOT AWAY! BUT I'LL HAVE TO BEAT IT HOME AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES! ...WHEW!
HOME...
...PHONE'S RINGING! MAYBE IT'S TORO. HE LEFT ME SINCE I STARTED MY ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE!
B-B-R-ING!
HELLO, TORCH? YOU MUST BE MAD! YOU'RE NOT A CRIMINAL! YOU CAN'T BE!
MIND YOUR BUSINESS, FIRE-FLY!

...CAN'T BLAME THE KID... AFTER ALL, HE DOESN'T KNOW MY MOTIVE! WISH HE'D COME HOME... HE'S GOT ME WORRIED!...
BANG!
...BUT, I CAN'T LET HIM IN ON THIS! ...TOO BIG!
WHO IS IT?
A FRIEND!
KNOCK KNOCK
I GET IT! A SALESMAN!
DAT'S RIGHT! BUT DE STUFF I SELL IS DEATH, SEE? DEATH WITH A CAPITAL "D."!
...COULDN'T FIGGER WHY YOU DIDN'T CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS... MAYBE YOU GOT AN IN, HUH? ...SOMEONE ON THE COPS, HUH?
RIGHT! ...WHAT'S YOUR PROPO-SITION?
LOOK... DEY SQUIRT SOME FIRE EXTINGUISHER AT YOU... YOU'RE HELPLESS... WELL, WE GOT STUFF DAT'LL NOOTRILIZE IT... SPRAY IT ON LIKE PERFUME... AND YOU'LL FLAME AGAIN!
SOUNDS GOOD! ...HOW MUCH?
WE, DON'T SELL... WE RENT! WE GET TEN PERCENT ON EVERY STICK-UP YOU PULL! OKE?
OKE!
BETTER TRAIL THIS RAT! HE'S THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
...ONE TING! DON'T FERGET DE PAYMENTS! ...MY BOSS, MR. FALTON, WON'T LIKE IT!
TORCH SEES PETE STEP INTO A BLACK SEDAN ...HE HAILS A CAB!
FOLLOW THAT CAR!
RIGHT, BOSS!
MEANWHILE... TORO TRAILS THE TORCH!
...TAIL THAT CAB!
OKE!
TORPEDO CAB CO.

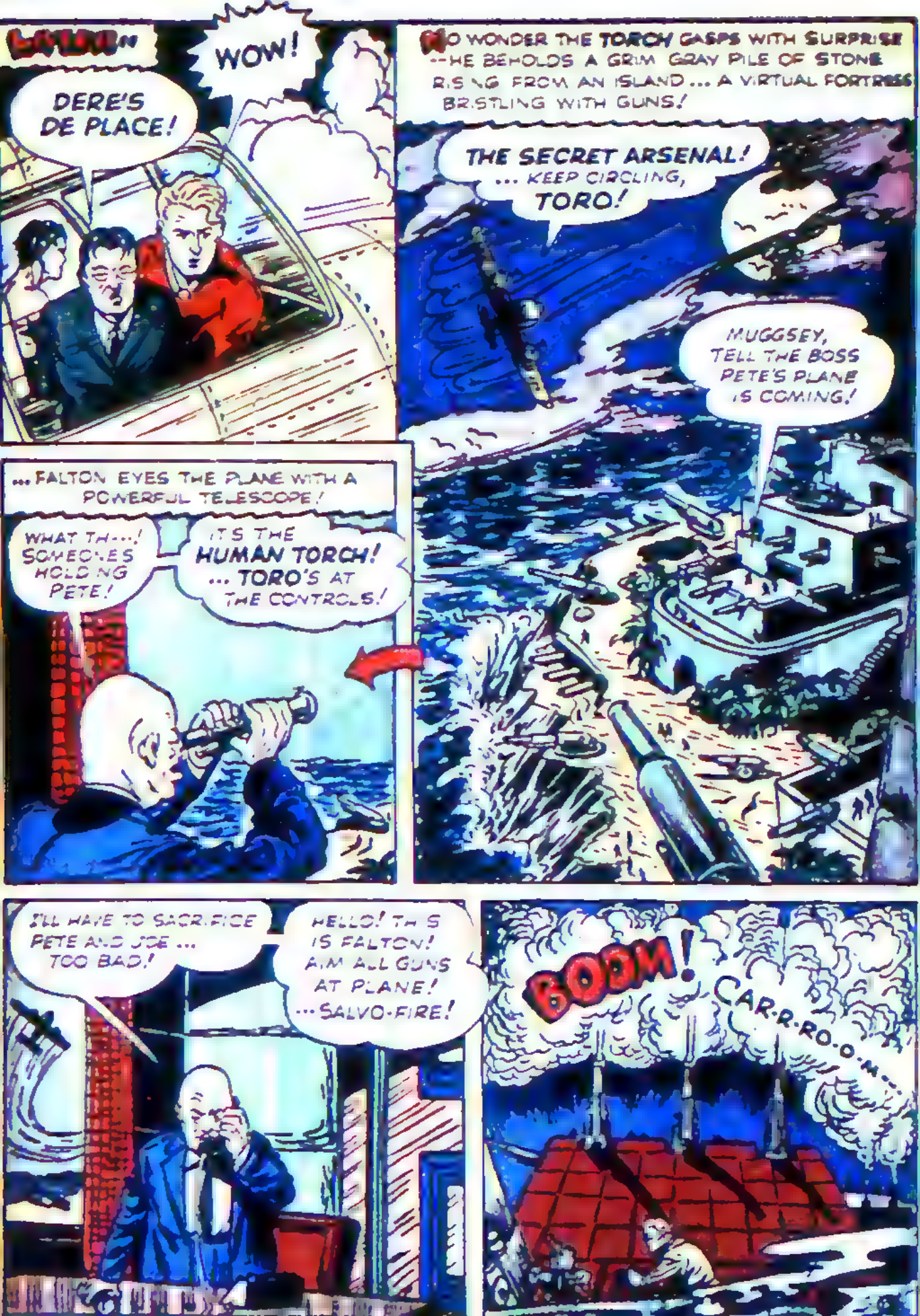

INSIDE PETE'S CAR!
JOE!... WE'RE BEIN' TAILED BY A CAB! ... QUICK!... THROW ON THE BRAKES!
HOLD YOUR HAT, PETE!
AS THE SEDAN JERKS TO A HALT, THE TORCH'S CAB SWERVES TO AVOID A CRASH AND DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE OTHER CAR!
SO ITS DE TORCH! PULLIN' A FAST ONE, HUH? ... HE BETTER WORK FAST TO DODGE THIS!
FOOL! YOU ALMOST HIT HIM!
CREEEK-K-K...
SCREECH!
DIS IS DE WAY WE TAKE CARE OF DOUBLE-CROSSERS!
WHAT--- YEOW!
THE DRIVER IS NEXT ON THE LIST!
AGH-RR--
DTS DRIVER DEAD, THE TAXI CAREENS OUT OF CONTROL!
CRASH!
DERE GOES A GOOD CUSTOMER. ... BUT IT HADDA BE DONE!

WHILE IN TORO'S TAXI...
HEY! HOW ABOUT THE FARE?
YOU'LL FIND MONEY ON THE REAR SEAT!
OVERTAKING THE GANGSTER CAR, TORO SWOOPS DOWN LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL.
KNOCKED OFF THE TORCH, EH? I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!
FLAMIN' YOUTH, HUH? I'M ALL SET FOR YER--
?
GULP!... A FIRE EXTINGUISHER! ...GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
COOL OFF, DOPE!
AS FLAME OUT, TORO LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE CAR AND ROLLS ALONG THE STREET!
LOOKS LIKE MY CIRCUS TRAINING CAME IN HANDY-- NOT A SCRATCH!
NOW TO POLISH 'IM OFF WID LEAD!
LIKE A FLASH, TORO DARTS BEHIND A PARKED TRUCK, AS PETE BRINGS HIS GUN INTO PLAY!
HE GOT AWAY! STEP ON IT, JOE! ...NO TIME TO HORSE AROUND!
LATER--
MY SKIN'S DRY NOW! IF I CAN ONLY GET A GLIMPSE OF THAT SEDAN!
THERE IT IS! THEY'RE HITTING THE AIRPORT ROAD! ...THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! ... NOW TO GO BACK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO TORCHY... THE LARCENOUS MUG!

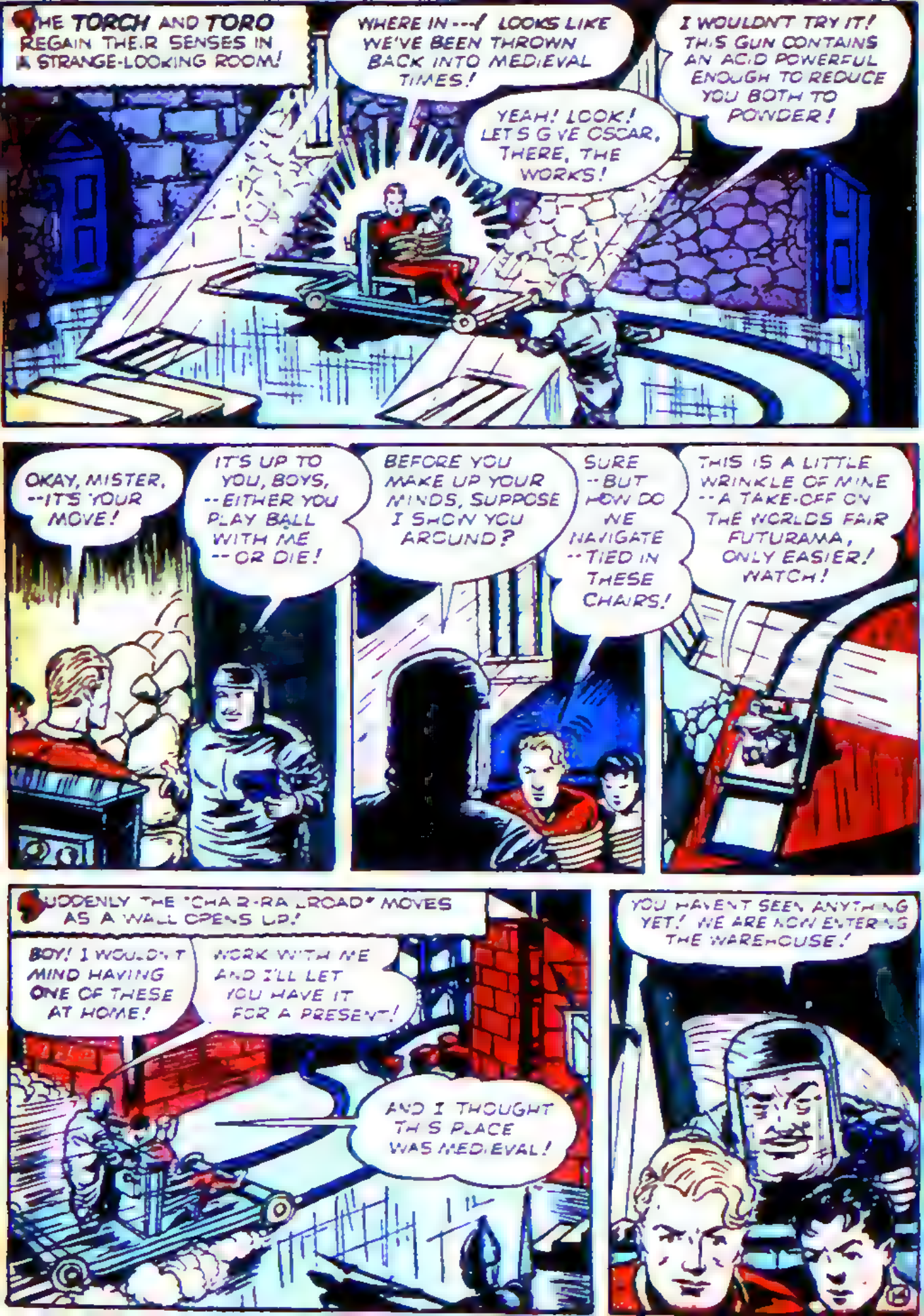
ORO RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH!
MY HEAD! ...OUCH!
...GLAD HE'S ALIVE, EVEN IF HE IS A CROOK!
HEY, OFFICER!
KNOW WHO THAT IS? ... THE HUMAN TORCH! WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR? ... ARREST HIM!
THE HUMAN TORCH? THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!
YOU MUST BE NUTS, KID!
YOU GUYS GOT FEVER? ... HE'S WANTED FOR ROBBERY!
DON'T MIND HIM, BOYS! ... HE HAS HALLUCINATIONS!
OKAY! MAYBE I AM NUTS!
NO, YOU'RE NOT KID! ...YOU'VE JUST GOT ME WRONG! ... I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU ...
THOSE STICK-UPS I PULLED WERE FAKES! THE POLICE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!
HOORAY! MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE IS RESTORED! ...WITH A BANG!
NOW WHILE YOU WERE TRAILING ME, DO YOU NOTICE WHERE THAT SEDAN WAS GOING?
YES! THE AIRPORT ROAD!
WELL... LET'S GO!
WE BETTER SNAP IT UP! THEY'VE GOT A GOOD HEAD START ON US!

WE'RE HERE, TORO!
LOOK! A BLUE CAB 'N JOB, NEXT TO THE R CAR, TAKING OFF!
THE MEN MUST BE ABOARD THAT PLANE!
HE SCOTCHLY SHOCK OFF THEM FIRE BUGS!
AND NOW! YOU SHOULD SEE THE KIDS RAN WHEN I SQUIRTED THE STUFF AT HIM! ...BOY!
THANK ILL SHORT-HAVE DE BOSS AND LET HIM KNOW WHAT'S WHAT! ... CALLIN' MR. FALTON! ... PETE CALLIN' MR FALTON!
FALTON ON! ...HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT? ...SELL HIM A BILL OF GOODS!
... YEAH--BULLETS! ... HE TURNED OUT TO BE A PHONEY!
MEANWHILE...
ONE FOR THE WINGS K.O, BUT DOUSE YOUR FLAME WHEN YOU LAND!
RIGHT!
--BUT THE GLARE OF THEIR BODIES ATTRACTS PETE'S ATTENTION!
NOT DEAD, YET? THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!
SUCKER! ...THEY'RE MELTING!
BULLETS ARE OUR MEAT!

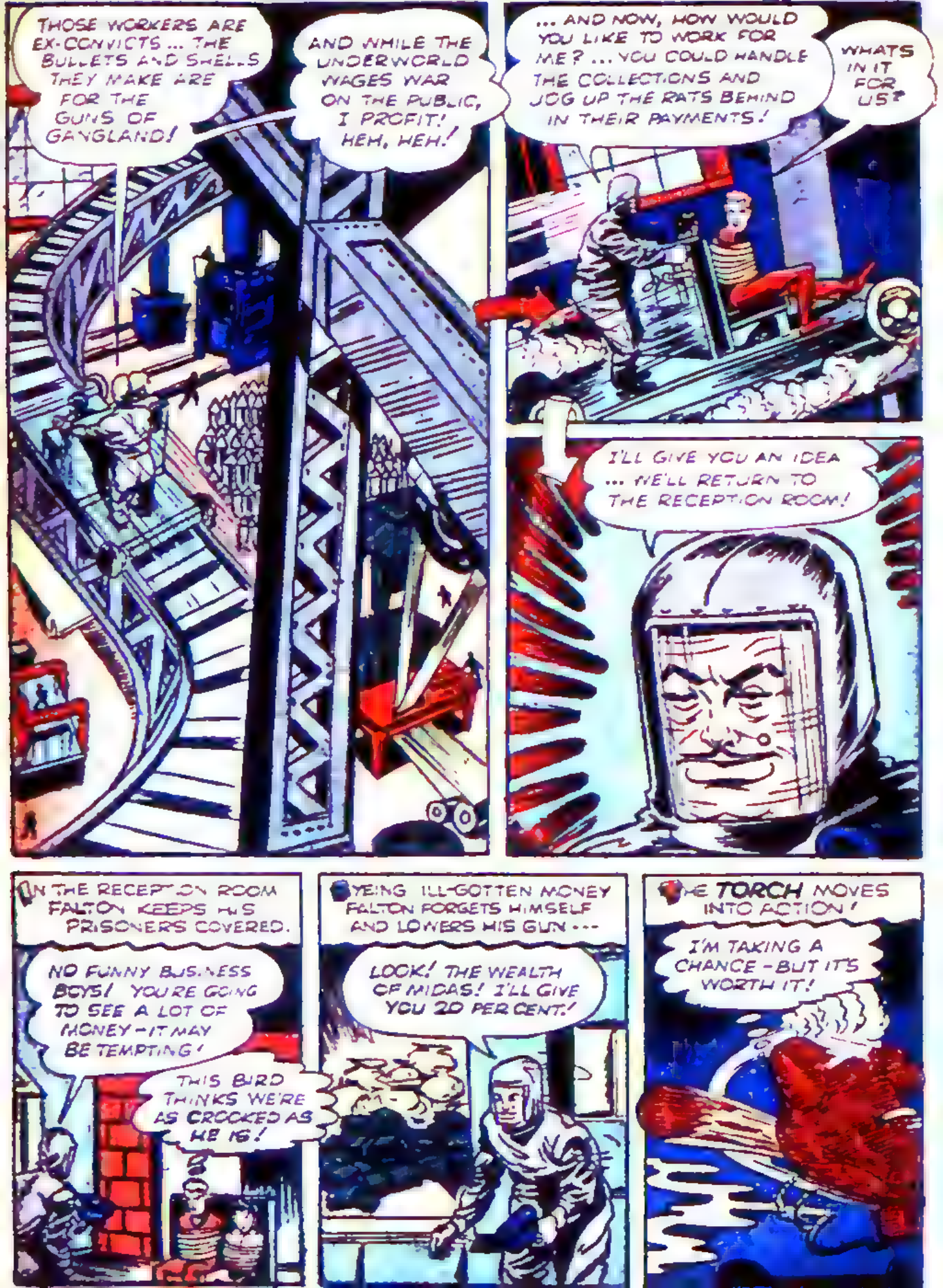
HE TORCH DISARMS PETE WITH A FIRE-BALL.
AI-YI-E-E-E!
OKAY, KID, LETS GO ABOARD!
ORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE TOP AND SUBDUE THEIR FLAME!
TAKE CARE OF THE P.LOT! I'LL FIX THIS RAT!
YOU AND WHAT ARMY?
KE A CORNERED RAT, PETE LASHES OUT DESPERATELY!
MISSED!
CRACK!
THIS IS THE WAY IT'S DONE, CHUMP!
S THE PLOT BATTLES TO CONTRO_ THE PLANE, TORO GRABS A MONKEY-WRENCH...
F.NISH EM OFF PETE! ... AND STOP ROCK.N' THE PLA.E!
ROCK-A-BYE BABY!
AGHR-R!
GRAB THE CONTROLS KID!
GOT 'EM!
START BLABB.N'! WHERE WERE YOU HEAD.N' FOR?
FLORIDA! ...OKAY,. I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROUTE!

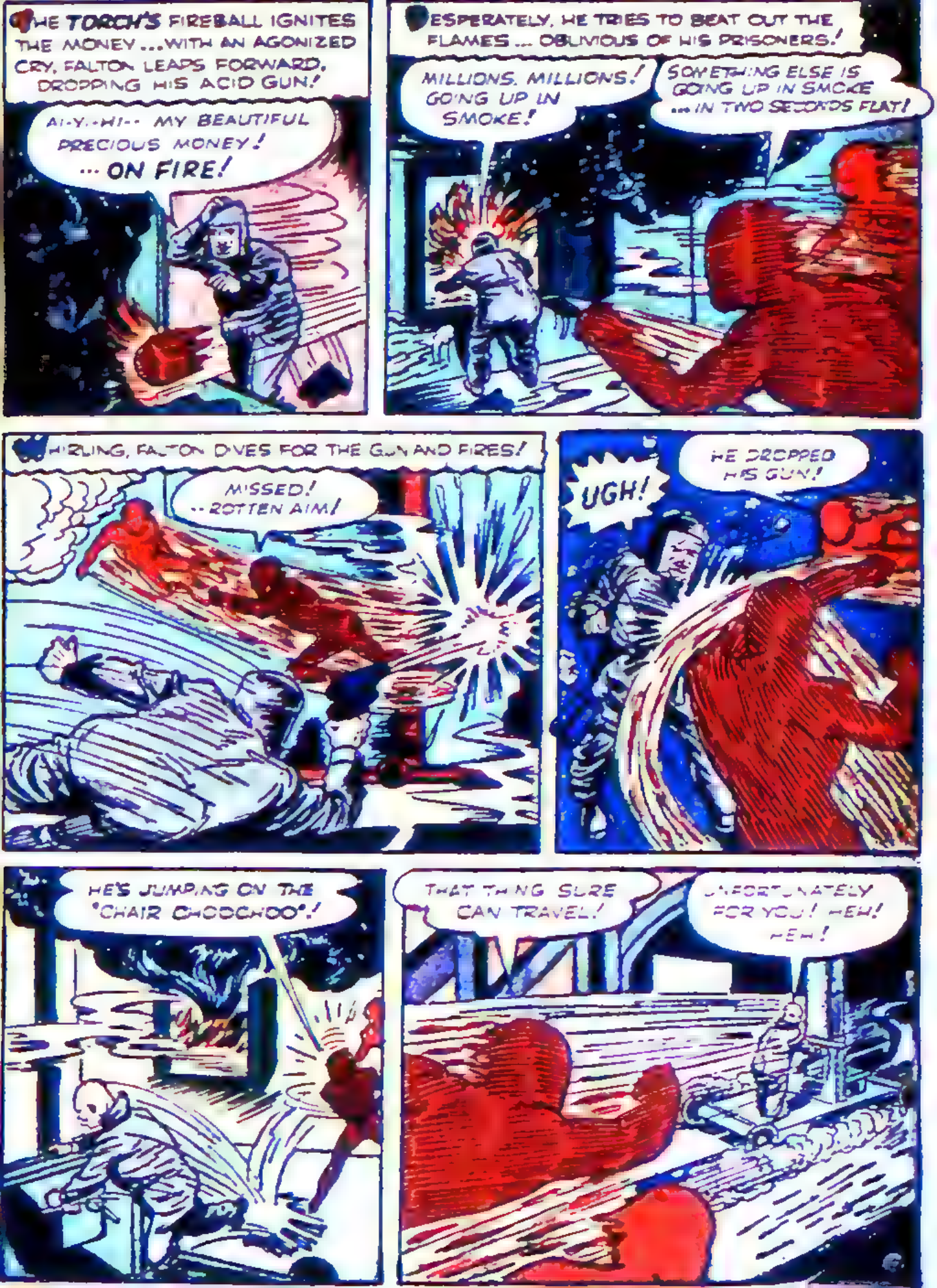

WOW!
DERE'S DE PLACE!
NO WONDER THE TORCH GASPS WITH SURPRISE --HE BEHOLDS A GRIM GRAY PILE OF STONE RISING FROM AN ISLAND ... A VIRTUAL FORTRESS BRISTLING WITH GUNS!
THE SECRET ARSENAL! ... KEEP CIRCLING, TORO!
MUGGSEY, TELL THE BOSS PETE'S PLANE IS COMING!
... FALTON EYES THE PLANE WITH A POWERFUL TELESCOPE!
WHAT TH...! SOMEONE'S HOLDING PETE!
IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! ... TORO'S AT THE CONTROLS!
I'LL HAVE TO SACRIFICE PETE AND JOE ... TOO BAD!
HELLO! THIS IS FALTON! AIM ALL GUNS AT PLANE! ... SALVO-FIRE!
BOOM!
CAR-R-RO-O-M...

SHELLS SCREAM UPWARD, RIPPING THE PLANE APART, BUT TORCH AND TORO LEAP OUT--FLAMING!
NOW, LET'S DIVE-BOMB 'EM, KID! FULL SPEED!
DOWN ZOOM THE TORCH AND TORO --SMASHING THRU A VERITABLE CURTAIN OF EXPLODING STEEL!
SUDDENLY ANOTHER GUN GOES INTO ACTION --A CHEMICAL SPRAY CANNON!
SSS-S-S-S-
BOOM!
OUR FLAMES ARE OUT!
UGF-F!
ANYWAY WE LANDED! --NO ONE PIECE --I HOPE!
DON'T SHOOT THEM!
I WANT THEM ALIVE!


THE TORCH AND TORO REGAIN THEIR SENSES IN A STRANGE-LOOKING ROOM!
WHERE IN---/ LOOKS LIKE WE'VE BEEN THROWN BACK INTO MEDIEVAL TIMES!
YEAH! LOOK! LET'S GIVE OSCAR, THERE, THE WORKS!
I WOULDN'T TRY IT! THIS GUN CONTAINS AN ACID POWERFUL ENOUGH TO REDUCE YOU BOTH TO POWDER!
OKAY, MISTER, --IT'S YOUR MOVE!
IT'S UP TO YOU, BOYS, --EITHER YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME --OR DIE!
BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MINDS, SUPPOSE I SHOW YOU AROUND?
SURE --BUT HOW DO WE NAVIGATE --TIED IN THESE CHAIRS!
THIS IS A LITTLE WRINKLE OF MINE --A TAKE-OFF ON THE WORLDS FAIR FUTURAMA, ONLY EASIER! WATCH!
SUDDENLY THE "CHAIR-RAILROAD" MOVES AS A WALL OPENS UP!
BOY! I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING ONE OF THESE AT HOME!
WORK WITH ME AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR A PRESENT!
AND I THOUGHT THIS PLACE WAS MEDIEVAL!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET! WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE WAREHOUSE!

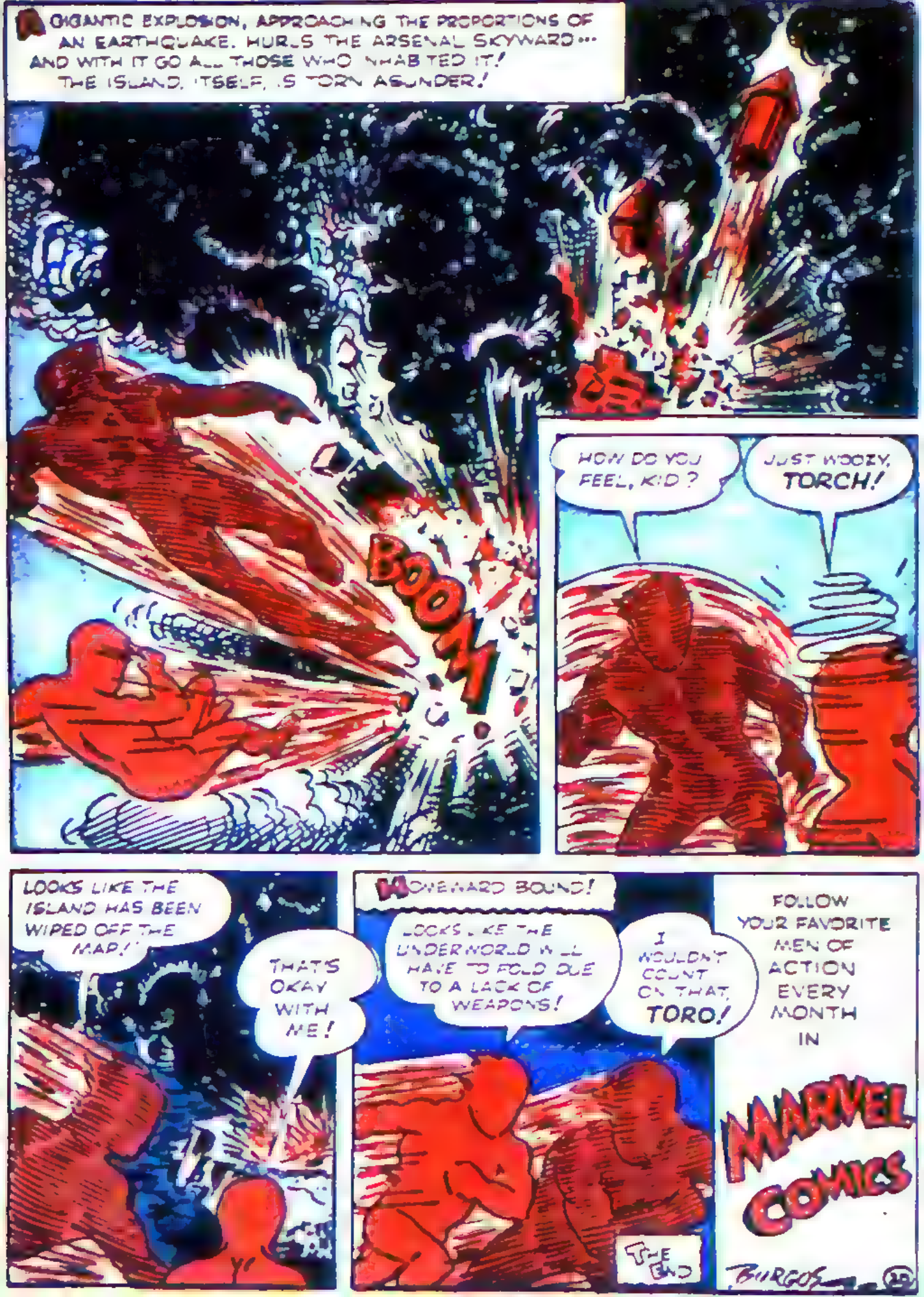
HMM-- --BET THERE'S ENOUGH SCRAP IRON HERE TO BUILD A BATTLESHIP!
QUITE TRUE, TORCH!
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO COULD USE IT... UNCLE SAM!
I FEAR I'M NOT A VERY DUTIFUL NEPHEW! BUT THEN CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME!
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE WE MELT IT!
THEY MOVE INTO A GREAT FOUNDRY RIVALLING ANY USED IN THE NATION'S DEFENSE PROGRAM!
SURE IS WARM IN HERE!
NATURALLY! AS HOT AS YOU TWO CAN BECOME, THAT VAT IS HOTTER!
IT'S EXCELLENT FOR MAKING SHELLS!
BENEATH THE FOUNDRY FLOOR ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES ARE STORED TO BLOW A SIZEABLE CITY OFF THE MAP!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE ... IT MAKES ME NERVOUS!
AND NOW, THE ASSEMBLY LINE WHERE DEATH IS MANUFACTURED!


THOSE WORKERS ARE EX-CONVICTS ... THE BULLETS AND SHELLS THEY MAKE ARE FOR THE GUNS OF GANGLAND!
AND WHILE THE UNDERWORLD WAGES WAR ON THE PUBLIC, I PROFIT! HEH, HEH!
... AND NOW, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME? ... YOU COULD HANDLE THE COLLECTIONS AND JOG UP THE RATS BEHIND IN THEIR PAYMENTS!
WHATS IN IT FOR US?
I'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA ... WE'LL RETURN TO THE RECEPTION ROOM!
IN THE RECEPTION ROOM FALTON KEEPS HIS PRISONERS COVERED.
NO FUNNY BUSINESS BOYS! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT OF MONEY - IT MAY BE TEMPTING!
THIS BIRD THINKS WE'RE AS CROOKED AS HE IS!
EYEING ILL-GOTTEN MONEY FALTON FORGETS HIMSELF AND LOWERS HIS GUN ...
LOOK! THE WEALTH OF MIDAS! I'LL GIVE YOU 20 PER CENT!
THE TORCH MOVES INTO ACTION!
I'M TAKING A CHANCE - BUT ITS WORTH IT!


THE TORCH'S FIREBALL IGNITES THE MONEY ...WITH AN AGONIZED CRY, FALTON LEAPS FORWARD, DROPPING HIS ACID GUN!
AI-Y.-HI-- MY BEAUTIFUL PRECIOUS MONEY! ... ON FIRE!
DESPERATELY, HE TRIES TO BEAT OUT THE FLAMES ... OBLIVIOUS OF HIS PRISONERS!
MILLIONS, MILLIONS! GO'NG UP IN SMOKE!
SOMETHING ELSE IS GOING UP IN SMOKE ... IN TWO SECONDS FLAT!
HURLING, FALTON DIVES FOR THE GUN AND FIRES!
MISSED! .. ROTTEN AIM!
UGH!
HE DROPPED HIS GUN!
HE'S JUMPING ON THE "CHAIR CHOOCHOO"!
THAT THING SURE CAN TRAVEL!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU! HEH! HEH!

TALK ABOUT SLAMMING A DOOR IN YOUR FACE!
WHAT'S A STEEL DOOR TO US! C'MON!
SLAM
TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE DOOR!
THE MAD CHASE LEADS TO THE FOUNDRY!
THIS CONVEYOR WILL PROVIDE A BETTER METHOD OF LOCOMOTION! --AND I CAN DO MORE TRICKS WITH IT!
THE FLAME FROM THIS VAT OUGHT TO RUN THEM!
HE'S PUSHING A LEVER!... THE VATS TIPPING OVER
NOW! AND I CAN'T STOP!
TORCH CUTS LOOSE WITH THE ACID GUN AND THE FLAME IN THE VAT DIES!
THE TORCH AND TORO [illegible] FALCON'S CONFEDERATES, BUT FALCON ALSO LEAPS.
I MUST [illegible] TO CHANGE MY TACTICS!

—THEY HANG ON LIKE LEECHES!
HE WENT DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!
ONE MINUTE!
—YEOW!
HAVEN'T TIME—WRITE ME A LETTER!
YELP!
SO FAR SO GOOD!
ALTON SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF HIS SANCTUARY!
WHAT TH—! I'M IN THE HIGH-EXPLOSIVE WAREHOUSE! I WAS SO EXCITED I DON'T KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING!
BLAZES! THOSE FIREBUGS ARE LIABLE TO BORE THEIR WAY IN HERE!
...HE SHRIEKS A DESPERATE WARNING!
STOP! DON'T COME IN HERE! I'LL SURRENDER
TOO LATE!
HEY!—LOOK DYNAMITE!
TNT
TNT
...HER BLAZING BODIES SET OFF THE T.N.T.!
BARO-OOM!


A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION, APPROACHING THE PROPORTIONS OF AN EARTHQUAKE, HURLS THE ARSENAL SKYWARD... AND WITH IT GO ALL THOSE WHO INHABITED IT! THE ISLAND, ITSELF, IS TORN ASUNDER!
BOOM!
HOW DO YOU FEEL, KID?
JUST WOOZY, TORCH!
LOOKS LIKE THE ISLAND HAS BEEN WIPED OFF THE MAP!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!
HOMEWARD BOUND!
LOOKS LIKE THE UNDERWORLD WILL HAVE TO FOLD DUE TO A LACK OF WEAPONS!
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON THAT, TORO!
THE END
FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITE MEN OF ACTION EVERY MONTH IN
MARVEL COMICS
BURGOS
25

DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
NOW!
CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS, 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY, ROOM 1010.
THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!
DO IT NOW!
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....
PERSONAL SIGNATURE
AMERICA ALWAYS!

HUMAN TORCH
"COME TO ME, ALL YE DESPERATE!" CALLED THE MAN WITH THE MASK, AND THEY CAME! OUT OF THE GREY-HALF WORLD OF TERROR AND HUNGER AND POVERTY THEY CAME TO SELL THEMSELVES, BODY AND SOUL TO THE FIEND WHO OFFERED THEM A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE BEFORE THE SHADOW OF DEATH FELL UPON THEM! ONE GLIMPSE OF PARADISE STAKED ON THE TOSS OF TWO BITS OF IVORY...VERY CURIOUS BITS OF IVORY AS THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO DISCOVERED WHEN THEY SOUGHT TO TEAR ASIDE THE VEIL OF MYSTERY THAT SURROUNDED THE LEGION OF DESPAIR!

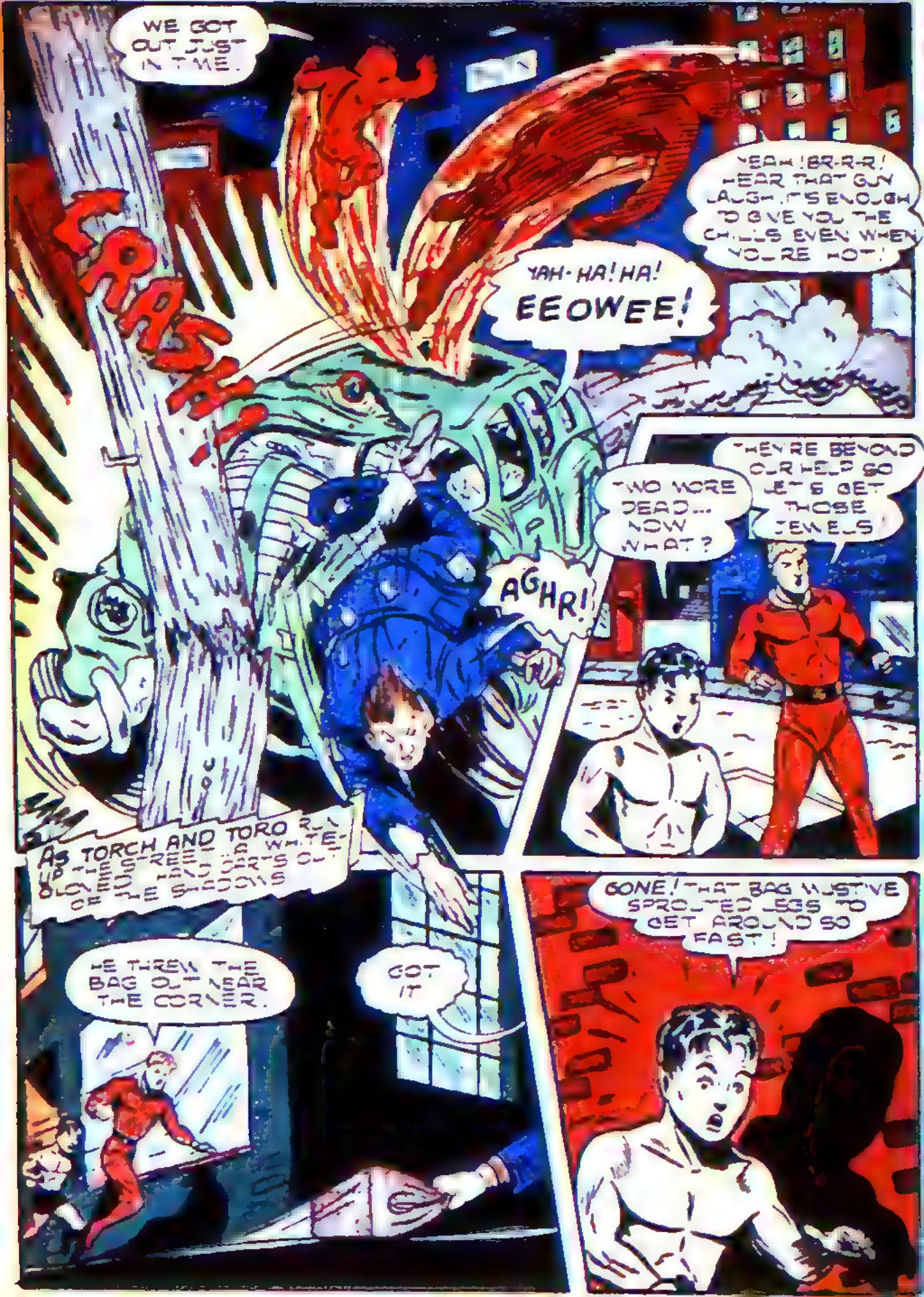
STRANGE AD APPEARS ONE DAY IN THE STAR'S CLASSIFIED SECTION...
Are you fed up? Desperate? Don't Commit Suicide! See me! Call 3 P.M. at 25 Hayworth St.
THAT AD FITS ME TO A T! I THINK I'LL LOOK INTO IT!
NO JOB-NO FRENDS-- MAYBE THIS'LL BE A BREAK. I CAN'T BE WORSE THAN JUMPING INTO THE RIVER.
MAYBE THERE'S A FREE MEAL IN IT.
WITH ALL MY MONEY, I'M UNHAPPY PERHAPS THIS WILL GIVE ME A FORMULA FOR LIVING!
25 HAYWORTH AVE.
DERES A CATCH TO THIS! I KN SMELL IT!
MAYBE THE GUY'S A PHILANTHROPIST AND WANTS TO GIVE HIS MONEY AWAY.
YEAH AND MAYBE I'M ADOLPH HITLER.
IF I CAN ONLY GET A JOB.
C'MON! KEEP TO THE RIGHT!
ONE AT A TIME... ONE AT A TIME!
HURRY UP! WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL DAY
I'M GLAD I GOT IN!
IN A ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL
THEY'RE GETTING QUITE IMPATIENT, MR. HASKELL
LET US IN. IT'S GETTING LATE
TELL EM TO GO HOME, ROBERTS, I'VE GOT ENOUGH NOW!

NOW, GENTLEMEN, I SHALL EXPLAIN THE MEANING OF THAT AD.
WHAT ABOUT DE EATS?
PIPE DOWN WHERE'S YER MANNERS?
YOU HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED. WITHOUT A DOUBT, YOU ARE THE MOST DESPERATE COLLECTION OF MEN UNDER ONE ROOF!
I PROPOSE TO FEED YOU, KEEP YOU WELL CLOTHED. YOU DO AS I TELL YOU AND WE'LL ALL BECOME RICH AND POWERFUL! YOU MUST OBEY ME IMPLICITLY.. STEAL.. KILL... AT MY COMMAND!
I AIN'T AFRAID TO KILL!
I AIN'T AFRAID TO STEAL!
WELL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY WE'RE DESPERATE
GOOD WELL NOW DRAW LOTS TO CHOOSE WHO'LL COME THE FIRST OR ME! HERE THE DICE OF DEATH!
STRANGE GAME WITH STRANGE STAKES INDEED...
COME SEVEN!
THAT NIGHT. UNAWARE OF THE ADVENTURE IN STORE FOR THEM, TORCH AND TORCHIE TAKING A STROLL SEE.
HEAR THAT? SHOTS!
YEAH! COMING FROM THE PARK HOTEL. SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG SOCIETY SHINDIG TONIGHT!

TWO RECRUITS OF THE LEGION OF DESPAIR DO NOT ACT IN UNISON.
I GOT THE SPARKLERS
YEAH....AND I GOT THE DOORMAN HEH! HE-
STOP! AIYEE!
TURN ON THE HEAT KID-LOOKS LIKE A STICK UP!
I'M GETTING HOT!
TORCH AND TORO START TOSSING FIRE-BALLS!
CONCENTRATE ON THE MAN WITH THE JEWELRY!
SURE...I'LL SEND HIM A HOT FOOT!
WHAT THE?
WE GOT A WISE-GUY HERE! NOW TO CLOSE IN
THIS FLAME I CAN'T SEE
SLICK CLOSE THAT BAG.
OKAY, CATCH IT AND SCREAM...I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE HOT SHOTS.

NOW TO COVER MY PAL'S RETREAT..WITH THIS HAND GRENADE!
With A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER, THE THUG LEAPS... HOLDING THE GRENADE!
YAH-HA,HA! THIS IS BETTER! I WON'T MISS!
WHOA, KID!
?
WOW!
HA! HA! YIEEE!
BAM!
NOT MUCH LEFT OF H.M. BOY... HE MUSTA' BEEN DESPERATE TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT!
YEAH..HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GUY HE'S GOT THE JEWELS!
THERE HE S JUMPING INTO THAT CAB!
O.K. TORO LET'S GIVE HIM THE WORKS
GET GOING BUD!
WELL DYE BOMB THE CAB!
LET ER RIP!

TORCH'S RED-HOT BODY MELTS THROUGH THE CAB ROOF!
DOUSE YOUR FLAME WHEN YOU ENTER K.D... WE DON'T WANT TO WRECK THE CAB!
?
RIGHT!
OVE UP THOSE JEWELS, OR WE'LL BURN YOU TO A FRAZZLE!
I'LL DIE FIRST!
STOP!
TOO LATE! HA! HA!
CRASH
Suddenly... THE THUG HURLS HIMSELF AT THE DRIVER!
!
I'LL DOE YOU A... DIE!
AGHRR!
TURN ON YOUR FLAME, TORCH... WE'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO A POLE.
6

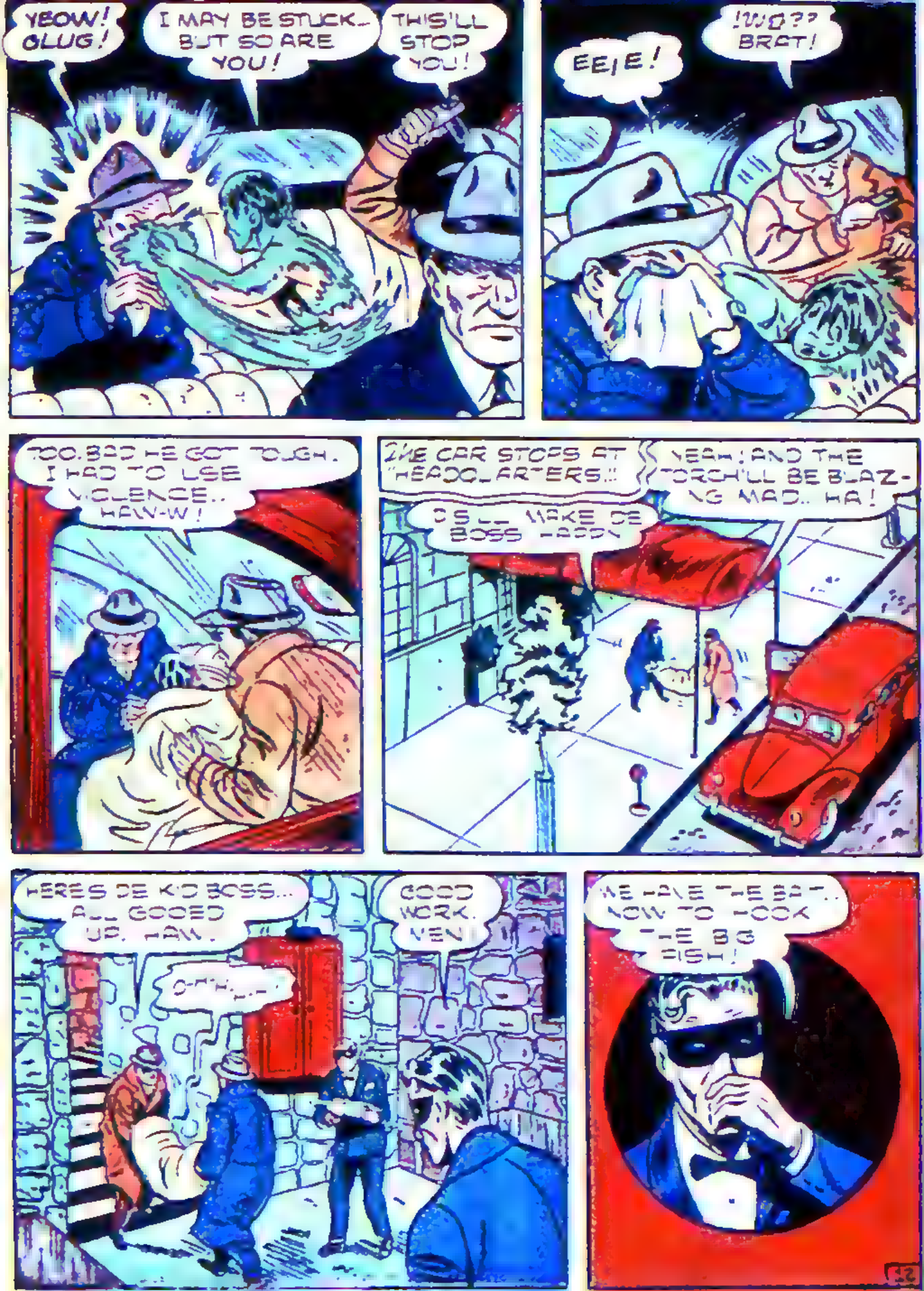

WE GOT OUT JUST IN TIME!
FRASH!
YAH-HA! HA! EEOWEE!
YEAH! BR-R-R! HEAR THAT GUN LAUGH? IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE CHILLS EVEN WHEN YOU'RE HOT!
AGHR!
NO MORE DEAD... NOW WHAT?
THEY'RE BEYOND OUR HELP SO LET'S GET THOSE JEWELS!
AS TORCH AND TORO RUN UP THE STREET, A WHITE-GLOVED HAND DARTS OUT OF THE SHADOWS
HE THREW THE BAG OUT NEAR THE CORNER.
GOT IT
GONE! THAT BAG MUSTIVE SPROUTED LEGS TO GET AROUND SO FAST!

ONE OF THE MOB PROBABLY GRABBED IT! LET'S DOUBLE BACK TO THE CAB FOR A CLUE.
RIGHTO!
THEY LUG THE CORPSE OF THE THUG OUT OF THE TAXI...
THIS GUY DIED WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE. WHAT A SENSE OF HUMOR
STOP JAMMING AND LET HIM DOWN! I WANT TO SEARCH HIS CLOTHES!
HMM... WHAT'S THIS?
DICE... WITH BLACK SKULLS ON THEM.
I'LL BET THERE AREN'T MANY MANUFACTURERS THAT MAKE THEM - MAY NARROW DOWN THE SEARCH
SKULL DICE!
LATER.
EVER SEE THESE DICE BEFORE?
MAY YES WE MAKE THEM ANYTHING WRONG?
PLENTY THE MAN WHO CARRIED THEM LAST WAS VIOLENTLY IN THE PARK HOTEL JEWELRY HOLD UP WE HAVE A LIST OF EVERY RETAIL STORE SELLING THESE DICE!
I'VE GOT THE LIST IN MY DESK FOR A SECOND!

LATER
WE'VE VISITED EVERY NOVELTY STORE IN TOWN—BUT NOT A CLUE!
RIGHT! BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! LET'S GO TO THE STAR'S OFFICE!
THE STAR EDITORIAL ROOM..
BOY! STEP ON IT!
AW! WHERE'S THE FIRE!
POSITIVELY NO SMOKING!
Z-Z-Z-Z!
HI, GROGAN! CAN YOU PLANT A PHONEY STORY FOR ME?
SURE! IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME!
CUPID TAKES A HOLIDAY!
CITY DESK
THE FRUITS OF TORCH'S INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR...
STAR
DEATH'S HEAD DICE MAY LEAD TO JEWEL MOB!
HUMAN TORCH HOT ON TRAIL!
IT APPEARS THAT THE HUMAN FIRE-BUG WILL HAVE TO BE STEPPED ON!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG TO ME!
I'LL DECIDE THAT SHUT UP!
WOW!
GET UP...I'VE GOT WORK FOR YOU!
SURE BOSS! I'M SORRY!
SO THIS IS PARADISE!

THE DICE WILL DECIDE THE LUCKY ONES FOR THIS JOB!
HOPE IT'S A KILLING JOB! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR MURDER!
SO AM I HAH!
DEATH! SEE 'EM ROLL!
THE GAME'S OVER! NOW, GENTLEMEN, HERE'S THE PLAN! LISTEN CAREFULLY..
THE NEXT DAY...
I GOT 100 IN GYMNASTICS TODAY. NOT BAD.
HERE'S DE KO NOW!
OKAY! DO YOUR STUFF!
HELLO SON... YOU'RE TORO, AIN'T YOU?
YEAH! SO WHAT?
I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YA! TORCH IS IN A JAM!
WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE HURT?
NOT EXACTLY..! BUT COME ALONG TO THE CAR.. WE'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS GUY'S A PHONEY!
BEFORE WE GO, I WANT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!
SURE!
CAREFUL, TORO, CAREFUL!

WELL SEE IF TORCH IS HOME
THE KID'S CLEVER BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!
CLICK CLICK
OUTSIDE TORCH'S HOME...
TEMPORARILY DISCONNECTED! HAH! HAH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID?
NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL!
GUESS THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! THE PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER!
STEP ON IT, JIM! THE TORCH NEEDS HELP FAST!
YOU'RE TELLING ME?
OKAY, K.O.! BE GOOD!
I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON! HERE'S WHERE I PUT ON THE HEAT!
WELL SHOW HIM HE'S NOT SO HOT!
THE LIGHT BULB ABOVE TORO SUDDENLY BREAKS, EMITTING A THICK GREEN GLUE THAT SMOTHERS HIS FLAME!
WHAT TH-! GLUB!
HAW, STUCK IN TH' SOUP!

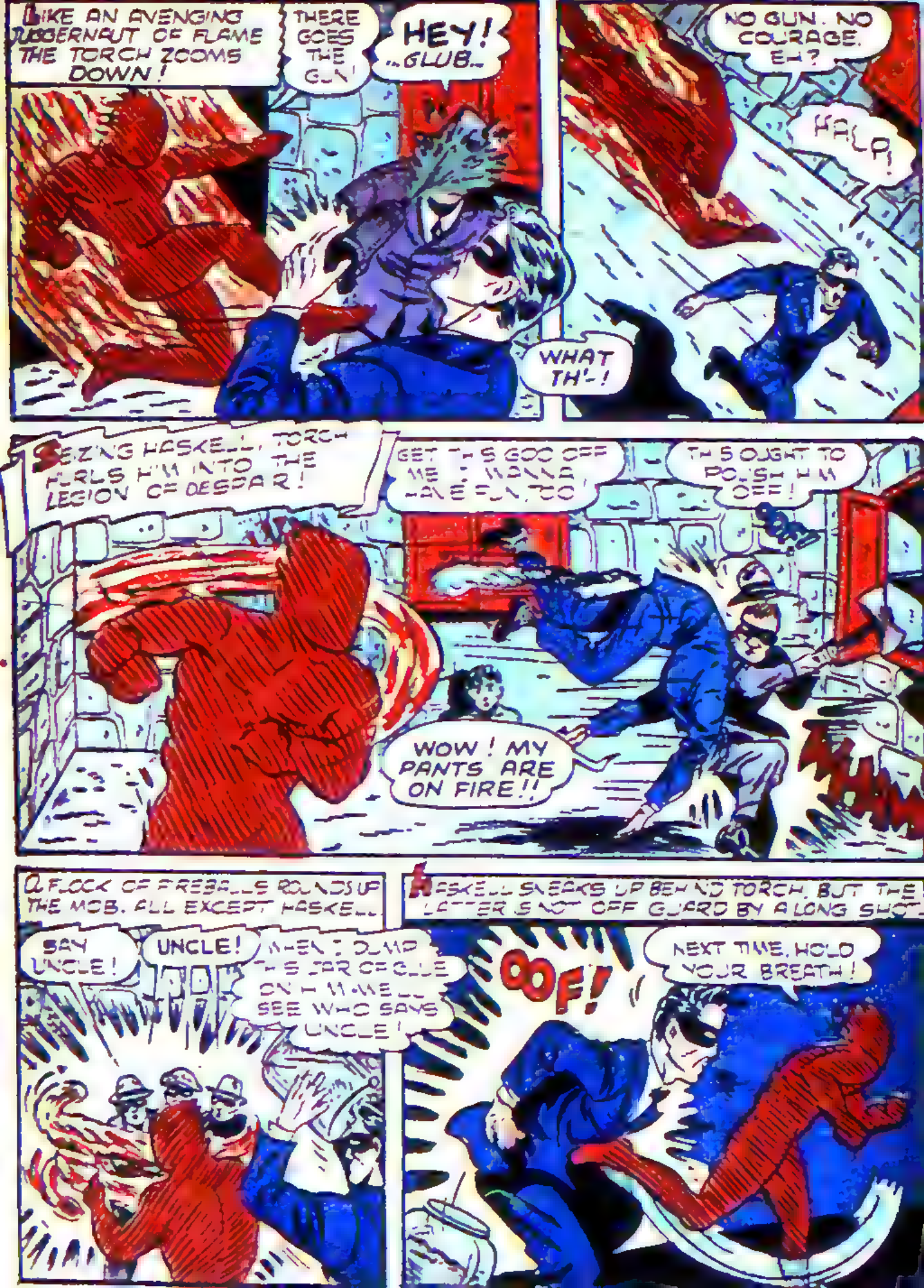

YEOW! OLUG!
I MAY BE STUCK.. BUT SO ARE YOU!
THIS'LL STOP YOU!
EEIE!
!WO?? BRAT!
TOO BAD HE GOT TOUGH. I HAD TO USE VIOLENCE.. HAW-W!
THE CAR STOPS AT "HEADQUARTERS!!!
YEAH! AND THE TORCH'LL BE BLAZ-NG MAD.. HA!
DE BOSS HAS BEEN
HERE'S DE K'O BOSS... ALL GOOED UP. HAW.
GOOD WORK. VEN
WE HAVE THE BAIT.. NOW TO HOOK THE BIG FISH!
32

Meanwhile
IT MUST BE THAT JEWEL MOB!
..POLICE BELIEVE TORO WAS KIDNAPPED..
Suddenly..A WHITE GLOVED HAND APPEARS, AND...
...IF I ONLY HAD A CLUE TO FOLLOW!
NO CLUES TO BOY'S WHEREABOUTS
WHAT'S THIS... WHY... HOW DID THIS NOTE GET HERE?
If you want your boy, bring $50,000 at 8 P.M. to abandon house at end of North Street... If you don't HE DIES!
8 P.M.
NICE PLACE FOR MURDER. BUT HERE GOES!
AS HE ENTERS, HE HEARS A CREAK... WHIRLS.
COMPANY, EH? I DON'T BRING THE MONEY, BOYS...
BUT I GOT SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU! TWO FISTS AND A BARREL OF FIRE-BALLS!

WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TOO··· HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
?? GLUB!
GO TO SLEEP, FIRE-BABY!
AGHR!
TORCH COMES TO, IN HASKELL'S CELLAR!
W-W-ERE AM I?
IN THE WORST SPOT YOU'VE EVER BEEN
NOW I PROPOSE TO HOLD A KANGAROO COURT! YOU ALL BE THE JURY.. I THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY... MEN...
GOSH! ME ON DE JURY... HAW!
THE DEFENDANTS TORCH AND TORC! HEREBY CHARGE THAT THEY ARE A MENACE TO OUR SOCIETY.
THEY HAVE DONE EVERYTHING TO IMPEDE US! THEREFORE I RECOMMEND DEATH... YOUR VERDICT, GENTLEMEN?
SO THIS IS JUSTICE?
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!

WHO'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING 'EM.
WHO?
ME! COME SEVEN!
SHOOTING CRAPS TO DETERMINE OUR EXECUTIONER.. N CE!
BLAST IT! FOUR! AND HOW I WANTED TO BEND AN AXE ON THEM!
THE DICE CLICK AND THE GRISLY GAME GOES ON WHILE TORCH TRIES DESPERATELY TO THINK HIMSELF OUT OF A HOLE...
SAY A GASOLINE CAN! WONDER IF IT'S FULL?
NIN THROW.
I THROW NEXT!
IF I CAN ONLY GET MY FOOT NEXT TO THAT CAN.
TORCH SLOWLY INCHES ACROSS THE FLOOR!
IT'S CURTAINS IF THEY SEE ME!
HIS FOOT REACHES THE CAN. KICKS IT!
NOW!

THE GASOLINE SPILLS OVER THE TORCH TO DISSOLVE THE GLUE. AND ..
SEVEN! GET THE AXE! I'LL HANG THEIR HEADS ON THE WALL FOR TROPHIES!
TORCH FLAMES!
HERE'S WHERE I GIVE YOU RATS THE AXE IN MY OWN PECULIAR FASHION!
SCRAM, BOYS!
BOY...IT'S HOT IN HERE!
AS HASKELL DISCHARGES THE SQUIRT GUN, TORCH ZOOMS UPWARD!
STOP TICKLING MY TOE! HA. HA.
?
THIS GUN'LL FIX HIM!
AFRAID OF THE HEAT?
YOUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ISN'T WORKING! TAKE THIS AND THIS AND THAT!
NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU ARE ON THE DEFENSE!
OH, MY GOLLS BOMBING UP!
SIC'EM, TORCHY!!
45


LIKE AN AVENGING JUGGERNAUT OF FLAME THE TORCH ZOOMS DOWN!
THERE GOES THE GUN!
HEY! ..GLUB..
NO GUN. NO COURAGE. EH?
HALP!
WHAT TH'-!
SEIZING HASKELL, TORCH HURLS HIM INTO THE LEGION OF DESPAIR!
GET THIS GOO OFF ME! I WANNA HAVE FUN, TOO
THIS OUGHT TO POLISH HIM OFF!
WOW! MY PANTS ARE ON FIRE!!
A FLOCK OF FIREBALLS ROUNDS UP THE MOB. ALL EXCEPT HASKELL.
SAY UNCLE!
UNCLE!
WHEN I DUMP THIS JAR OF GLUE ON HIM WE'LL SEE WHO SAYS UNCLE!
HASKELL SNEAKS UP BEHIND TORCH, BUT THE LATTER IS NOT OFF GUARD BY A LONG SHOT!
OOF!
NEXT TIME, HOLD YOUR BREATH!

STOP! STOP! I'LL SAY "UNCLE"!
THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! I WANT YOU TO SHOW YOUR PALS THOSE 'SPECIAL' DICE YOU USE!
HUH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
TAKE THEM OUT AND THROW THEM FAST OR I'LL FRY YOU IN YOUR OWN FAT!
ALL RIGHT.. ALL RIGHT!
AFTER A FEW THROWS
SIX AGAIN!
HE PLAYED WITH LOADED DICE! YOU CAN BET HE'D NEVER BE CHOSEN TO COMMIT A CRIME! HE LET YOU DO THE DIRTY WORK!
WHY THE DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT!
HES THE GUY WE SHOULDA' MURDERED!
WELL LET THE LAW TAKE CARE OF HIM- AND YOU... OKAY, MARCH BOYS!
LATER.
SWELL JOB YOU BOYS DID!
NOT BAD-
HEY! DON'T FORGET ME!
STOP YAPPING AND GET THIS GLUE OUTA' MY HAIR! I DON'T WANNA STICK TO MY PILLOW TONIGHT!
THE END

HOT-SHOT HARMONY

By Andrew McWhiney

NOW ain't that lovely!" sneered Division Superintendent Brooks. "Radio communication between engine and caboose!" He glared at Engineer Jack Hanlon. "Heave that junk out, mister! This coal hot-shot is due at tidewater in the morning—that means fast running and mind on your work alone! You'll have time for nothing but the engine, get me?"

Jack was seething as he climbed aboard huge 8900. To blazes with all bupers! He'd leave the radio hooked up—a man needed *something* to keep him awake on a long night run, he complained to his fireman as he began to work the big hog slowly out of the yards.

Tom Stearns watched curiously as they settled into their mainline stride, and Hanlon called the caboose to talk with Conductor Grimes. Jack was pretty proud of this hobby pet. "I'll bet Brooks wires Jersey City to check the train when we pull in, and see if it's still here," Tom ventured.

Hanlon gasped. "Wow! I didn't think of that! He's sure to—he's plenty sore at me. Well, if I'm to lose two weeks pay, I might as well enjoy this last run before he suspends me." He told Grimes about it, grinning ruefully, as the long train roared through the night.

"The rat!" came Grimes' sympathetic voice. "Curled up with a big cigar somewhere, enjoying himself, while we bounce along in this rough-riding hot-shot all night." He paused. "Seriously, though, Jack, he's probably jumpy about Red Mountain Tunnel."

"What about it" demanded Jack.

"Well, you know it's a bottleneck between the coal country and the seaboard. If sabotage should block that one track, there'd be a serious coal shortage. Tie the defense factories up in knots. The road's got an armed guard there, you know. By the way, slow down when you approach it—he'll have a daily report for us to pick up and take in."

"Sure." Hanlon shut off the radio and concentrated on wheeling the 8900 awhile. She was plenty hot tonight. He glanced approvingly at Tom. A good fireman, a smart fellow. He watched the moon-flooded country move swiftly behind them. The lights of towns flashed up, then dropped away. She was rolling. Might as well make time now, before the traffic started to thicken with night freight.

LATER, he called Grimes again. "Hey, Skipper," he said into the little mike. "What should I do if I see a saboteur? Throw coal at him?"

"No, toss the radio," interrupted Tom. "That'll make Brooks happy."

"It's no joke, Jack," Grimes answered the set. "If that tunnel were closed, it'd shut down defense factories cold."

"Okay. But keep calm now—I'm slowing on order from West River tower. Agent must have a message for us." Indeed, the night man handed one up on the loop as 8900 thundered by. Hanlon reported it to Skipper Grimes, far behind. "A wait at East Portal for Number Eleven. She's due at 1:05." He glanced at his watch.

"H'mm. Nineteen minutes, twenty-four miles. So long, Grimes! I'll be busy. I don't want to meet her in that tunnel!"

Switching the radio off, he shouted across the cab. "Stoke her, Tom! We're meeting the Limited beyond the tunnel—I want some time to spare to make up for that guard slowing us!"

8900's stack blasted louder as she picked up speed. Jack Hanlon forgot the radio as he coaxed the big hog faster. She was wheeling. Her whistle tore the night apart when crossings loomed. Their time margin widened, and at the river bridge he'd gained nine minutes. That should do it. They leaned to the long curve and roared away from the river. Now the tunnel warning signals flashed overhead, and shutting her down half way, he shoved his head out into the wind's rush. In the moonlight the tunnel's mouth gaped blackly. Where was the swinging flash of the guard's lantern?

Moonlight reigned serene and undisturbed. Jack was puzzled . . .

SUDDENLY his eye caught a moving blur. Then the brilliant headlight beam picked up a figure—a man, running alongside the track. He was making for the tunnel entrance, nearing it rapidly. Although the brakes were biting, the train was still gaining, and the headlight blaze flooded him, picking out the object in his hand. Hack had once worked on a track gang,

and recognized a stick of dynamite when he saw it . . .

The throttle opened wide. As the stack bellowed for speed, he switched on the radio. "Grimes! Get this, and don't ask why! We're stopping inside. Stay by the caboose and clonk the guy who runs out! Tell you later."

He whirled on the gaping fireman. "When we stop, make tracks for the far end with some flares. Flag down Eleven—if you don't, there'll be a bloody mess in this tunnel!"

8900 hit the entrance wide open. The noise was stupefying, like a volcano exploding. Exhaust fumes poured into the cab in a suffocating fog. Eating smoke, Jack poked his head briefly out the window. The headlight blaze burst blindingly against the dense vapor, but he glimpsed a human figure flattened against the tunnel wall. The air crashed on hard, fire spun and slew about the wheels of the heavy train.

BEFORE they fully stopped, the enginemen hit the ground running. Stearns vanished ahead. Good boy. Gasping for air, Jack moved back. He heard Tom's feet echoing behind. And suddenly, the long, high-yelling fury of a whistle, far out beyond the east entrance. Eleven, charging toward the tunnel.

Something moved in the choking murk. Jack sprang. The man vanished in the gloom, feet pounding back along the train. The engineer followed. Had Grimes understood, blocked the exit? Gradually the air became clearer as they approached the hind end. Then there was a shock ahead, followed by a heavy thump. In the dim glow of the caboose's lanterns, Jack made out men rolling on the ground. Suddenly one sprang up and ran. Brass winked on the prone figure in the lantern light. Grimes.

No joke, maybe, but handy. Jack snatched a lump of coal and hurled it at the almost-invisible target. The man tottered, then crashed under Jack's flying tackle.

Grimes climbed to his feet, examining the object in his hand. "Dynamite!" he gasped. "He was going to blow the tunnel; when we were early and surprised him, he thought he'd have time anyway. He'd have gotten Eleven, too. Hey! Incidentally—"

"O.K. Tom stopped her in time." Jack pointed through the tunnel where red flares still glowed behind a halted headlight at the far mouth. "Glad you heard me, so you could delay him long enough to give me a shot." They picked the unconscious dynamiter up and put him in a caboose, then located the bound and gagged guard.

NOW men swarmed up from the limited. Grimes nudged Jack, and he recognized the road's Operating Vice President. The official machine-gunned questions.

"Good work," he commented finally. "But what made Grimes, at the other end, block up the exit?"

"Hot-shot harmony," said Jack, explaining the radio. "One end of the train always knows what the other end's doing."

The V.P. looked thoughtful. "You have something there, Hanlon. Maybe every train should be equipped. Lay over in Jersey City—I'll be back tomorrow and we'll talk this over."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3 1933

of The Human Torch Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the The Human Torch Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C. Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C. Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.
Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

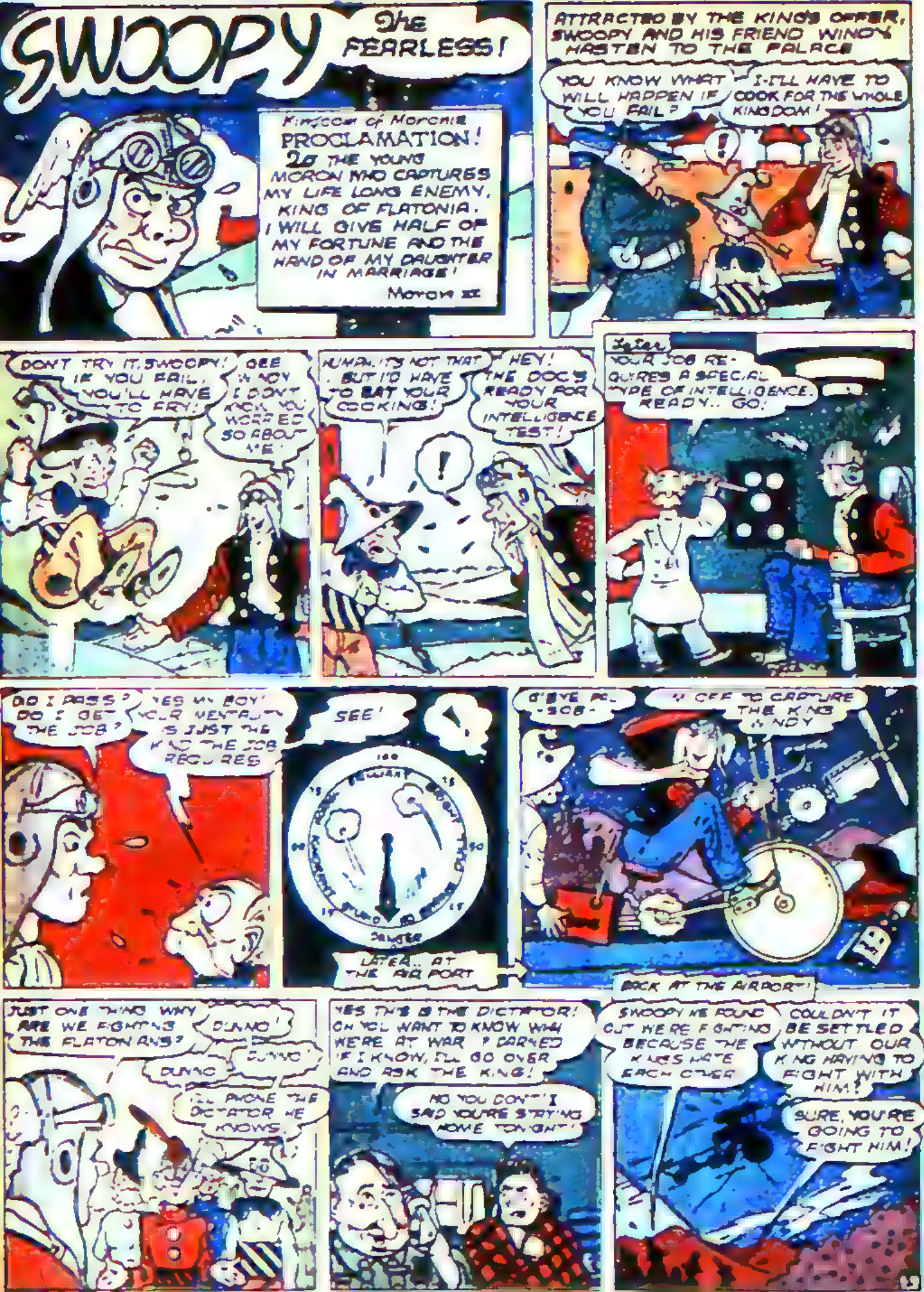
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed: ABRAHAM GOODMAN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.

SEAL BERNARD ARBITAL

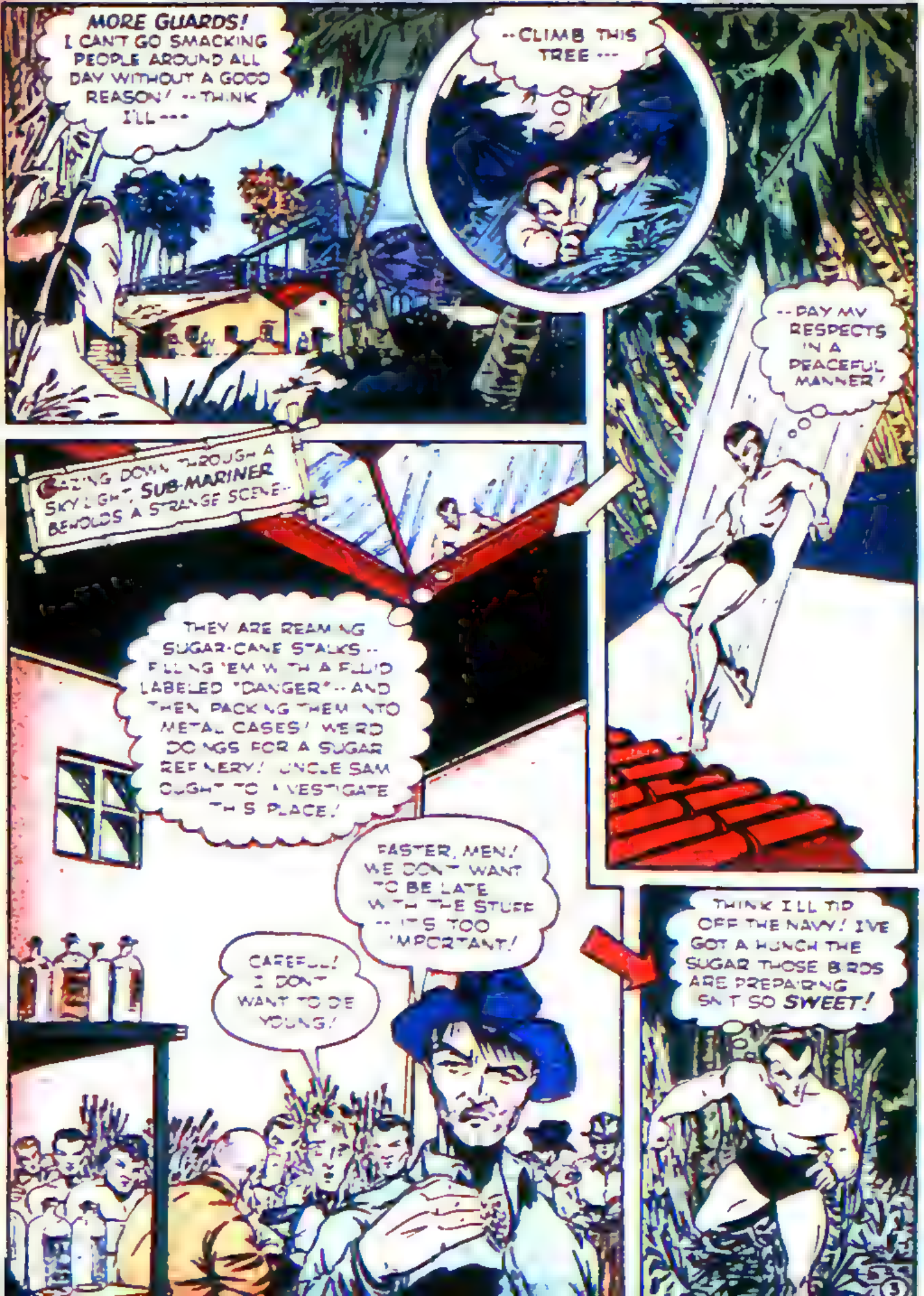
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943.)


SWOOPY
The FEARLESS!
Kingdom of Moronia
PROCLAMATION!
2ø THE YOUNG MORON WHO CAPTURES MY LIFE LONG ENEMY, KING OF FLATONIA, I WILL GIVE HALF OF MY FORTUNE AND THE HAND OF MY DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE!
Moron XX
ATTRACTED BY THE KING'S OFFER, SWOOPY AND HIS FRIEND WINDY HASTEN TO THE PALACE
YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU FAIL?
I-I'LL HAVE TO COOK FOR THE WHOLE KINGDOM!
DON'T TRY IT, SWOOPY! SEE IF YOU FAIL, YOU'LL HAVE TO FRY!
GEE WINDY I DON'T KNOW YOU WORRIED SO ABOUT ME!
HUMANITY NOT THAT BUT I'D HAVE TO EAT YOUR COOKING!
HEY! THE DOC'S READY FOR YOUR INTELLIGENCE TEST!
Later
YOUR JOB REQUIRES A SPECIAL TYPE OF INTELLIGENCE. READY.. GO!
DO I PASS? DO I GET THE JOB?
YES MY BOY! YOUR NEXT ACT IS JUST THE KIND THE JOB REQUIRES
SEE!
LATER.. AT THE AIR PORT
G'BYE PR. -SOB-
I'M OFF TO CAPTURE THE KING WINDY
BACK AT THE AIRPORT!
JUST ONE THING WHY ARE WE FIGHTING THE FLATONIANS?
DUNNO!
DUNNO
DUNNO
I'LL PHONE THE DICTATOR HE KNOWS.
YES THIS IS THE DICTATOR! OH YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY WE'RE AT WAR? DARNED IF I KNOW, I'LL GO OVER AND ASK THE KING!
NO YOU DON'T! I SAID YOU'RE STAYING HOME TONIGHT!
SWOOPY WE FOUND OUT WE'RE FIGHTING BECAUSE THE KINGS HATE EACH OTHER
COULDN'T IT BE SETTLED WITHOUT OUR KING HAVING TO FIGHT WITH HIM!
SURE, YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT HIM!

FOR HOURS SWOOPY WINGS HIS WAY TOWARD FLATONIA...
BOY-IF I CAPTURE THE KING, I'LL BE RICH AND I'LL HAVE THE PRINCESS OF MORONIA TO BOOT!
OOPS THERE'S FLATONIA!
I HOPE WINDY LOADED THESE BOMBS LIKE I TOLD HIM TO.
MOTHER TOLD ME TO KEEP OUT OF DIVES, BUT HERE GOES!
BOMBS
HALLELUJAH I'M A BOMB!
THE HELPLESS FLATONIANS FLEE IN DISMAY!
OH...WE'RE BEING BOMBED!
HELP!
OOOK OUT!
GOOD GRIEF! THOSE BOMBS HAVE BLACK PEPPER IN THEM!
CHOO-
LANDING HIS MONOPLANE, SWOOP CHARGES ON THE TERRIFIED ENEMY...
SURRENDER TH' KING OR I'LL PEPPER YOU AGAIN!
NO, NOT THAT!
WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER OUR BELOVED KING!
OUR NOBLE KING! OUR KIND-HEARTED KING!
HUMPH! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL A QUARTER IF YOU SURRENDER HIM
A QUARTER? THAT'S DIFFERENT. HERE'S THE KING GIVE US TH DOUGH
RIGHT! WE ALL GET A QUARTER! HOORAY!
RAY!
AND SO, WITH THE CAPTIVE KING IN TOW, SWOOPY RETURNS, A HERO, TO MORONIA!
HOORAY! SWOOPY
HA! YOUR ROOM'S READY!
LATE THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS!
THE KING OF FLATONIA HAS ESCAPED!
HIS CELL IS EMPTY!
WHO FREED HIM?
WAIT...I CAN'T TELL A LIE I FREED HIM!
WHAT? TO THE KITCHEN WITH HIM! HE MUST COOK FOR THE KINGDOM AS PUNISHMENT!
DOWN WITH SWOOPY!
Later
SAY, SWOOPY WHY DID YOU DO IT? THE KING'S DAUGHTER AND HALF HIS FORTUNE WERE YOURS! WHAT MADE YOU FREE HIM?
ONE LOOK AT THIS PICTURE IF I HADN'T SET HIM FREE, SHE WOULD BE MY WIFE.
NO THANK YOU! I'D RATHER COOK!
THE KING'S DAUGHTER
MORE NEXT ISSUE

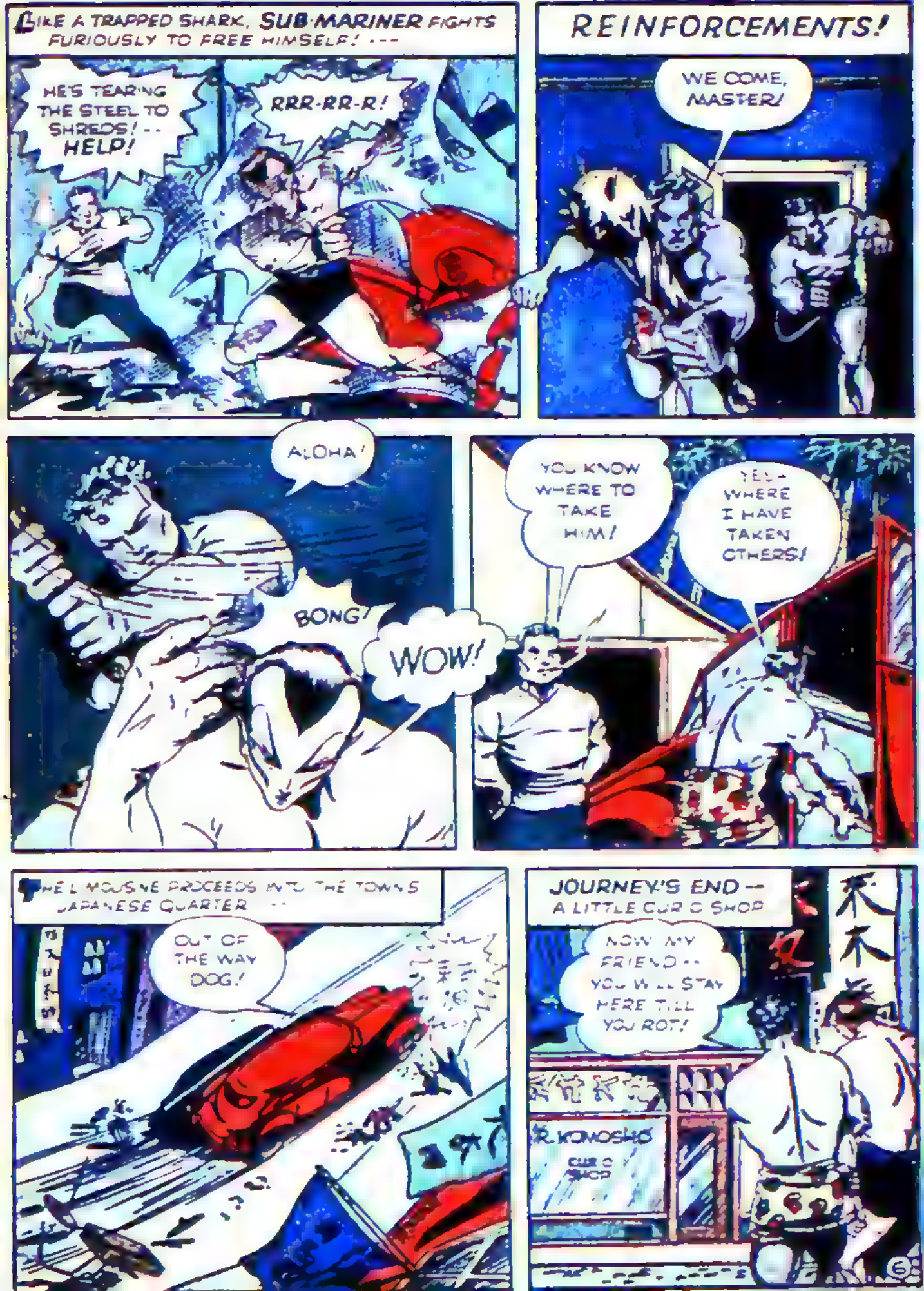
MURDER AFLOAT!
OFF AN ISLE OF PARADISE!
THE
SUB-MARINER
S.O.S. S.O.S.
BAM!
AT A DISTANCE, THE ISLAND LOOKED BEAUTIFUL TO THE SUB-MARINER, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING SINISTER IN ITS BEAUTY, SOMETHING EVIL... JUST WHAT WAS LURKING THERE HE COULDN'T GUESS, BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO LEARN — THAT LIFE IN HAWAII WASN'T ALL GLAMOR AND PINEAPPLES, AND THAT WHEN SOME PEOPLE SAID "ALOHA" TO YOU, IT MEANT MORE THAN "GOODBYE" --IT MEANT DEATH!-- SUDDEN AND SWIFT!

LAZILY TURNING THE WHEEL OF HIS YACHT, SUB-MARINER STEERS INTO THE LAGOON OF A SUNNY ISLAND OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.
SAY, THAT'S QUITE A BIG SUGAR REFINERY! --WONDER WHO OWNS IT!
THE NAME'S PROBABLY ON THAT SIGNBOARD --WE'LL SEE!
NO TRESPASSING
THAT'S QUEER! MOST HAWAIIAN INDUSTRIES HAVE A BIG "WELCOME" SIGN OUT FOR VISITORS! --THINK I'LL ANCHOR AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE DUMP!
SUB-MARINER DIVES, HEADING FOR THE SHORE --
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M HEADING INTO TROUBLE -- BUT HERE GOES!
WHAT'S THIS? AN ARMED GUARD! THE MYSTERY THICKENS!
HEY!
DON'T MIND ME BUD! I'M JUST CURIOUS!
SOCK!
YEOW!


MORE GUARDS! I CAN'T GO SMACKING PEOPLE AROUND ALL DAY WITHOUT A GOOD REASON! -- THINK I'LL ---
-- CLIMB THIS TREE ---
-- PAY MY RESPECTS IN A PEACEFUL MANNER!
GAZING DOWN THROUGH A SKYLIGHT, SUB-MARINER BEHOLDS A STRANGE SCENE--
THEY ARE REAMING SUGAR-CANE STALKS -- FILLING 'EM WITH A FLUID LABELED "DANGER" -- AND THEN PACKING THEM INTO METAL CASES! WEIRD DOINGS FOR A SUGAR REFINERY! UNCLE SAM OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE THIS PLACE!
FASTER, MEN! WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE WITH THE STUFF -- IT'S TOO IMPORTANT!
CAREFUL! I DON'T WANT TO DIE YOUNG!
THINK I'LL TIP OFF THE NAVY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE SUGAR THOSE BIRDS ARE PREPARING ISN'T SO SWEET!

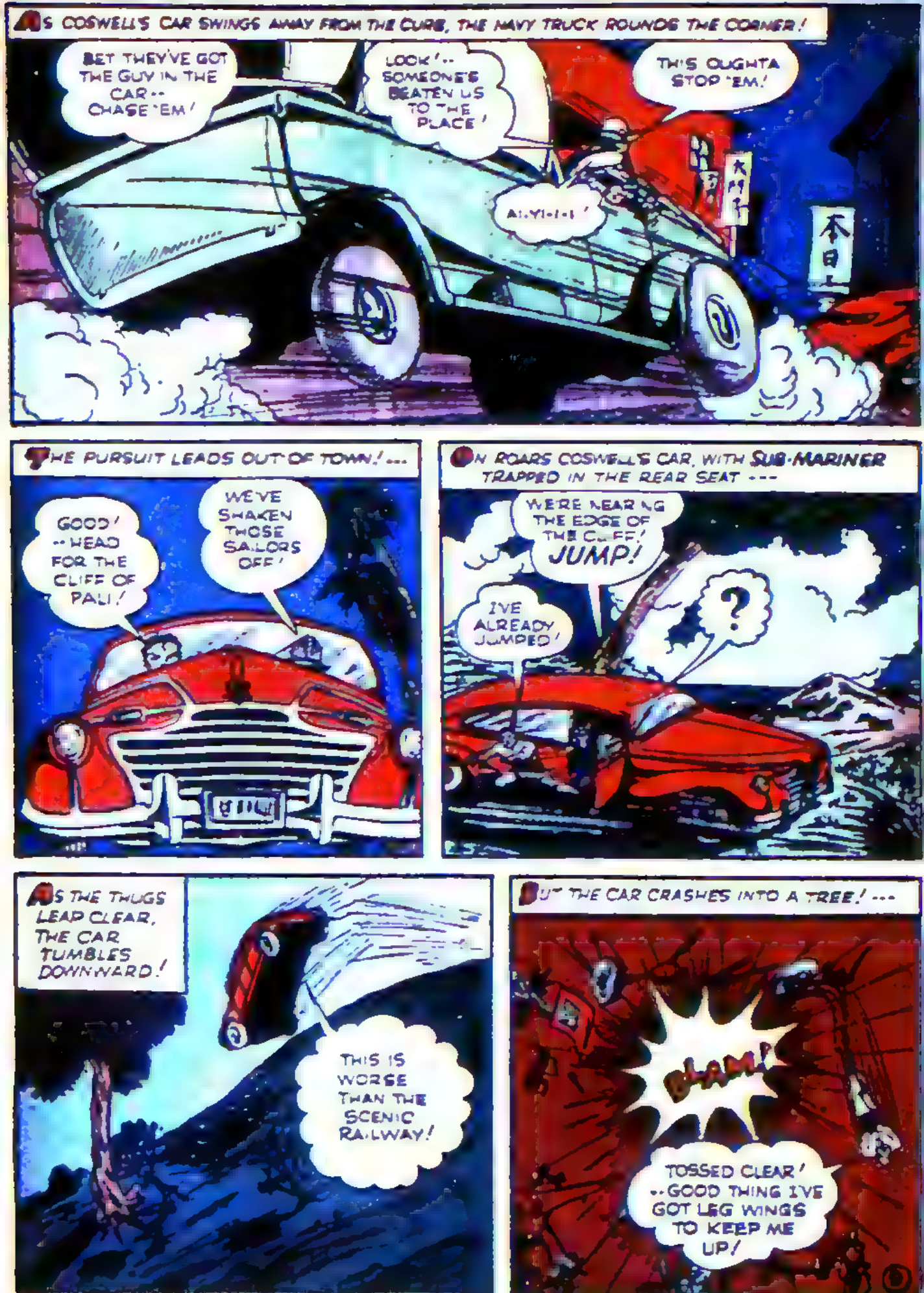
SWIMMING BACK TO HIS YACHT, SUB-MARINER HURRIEDLY HOISTS A SET OF SIGNAL FLAGS!
THE FLEET'S IN SIGHT! I HOPE THEY SEE IT!
A LOOKOUT IN THE CROWSNEST OF THE AMERICAN FLAGSHIP SPOTS THE SUB-MARINER'S MESSAGE!
UNIDENTIFIED YACHT SIGNALING! SIGNAL SAYS "DANGEROUS WATERS -- PROCEED WITH CAUTION!"
OH, YEAH? HOPE IT ISN'T SOME CRANK! -- BRYSON, TELL THE MEN TO LOWER A BOAT! WE'LL BOARD THAT YACHT AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
AYE AYE SIR!
DROP A LADDER! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!
--RIGHT WITH YOU!
NOW, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FLASHING THAT WHACKY SIGNAL?
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A FLOCK OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS SCHEMING UP SOMETHING NASTY IN THAT REFINERY! -- SOMETHING THAT MAY THREATEN THE FLEET!
RIDICULOUS! PREPOSTEROUS! ANY MAN WHO OWNS THAT REFINERY IS NONE OTHER THAN ANTHONY COSWELL!
A SUGAR MAGNATE, PHILANTHROPIST AND AN ADMIRAL IN THE NAVAL RESERVE! A TRUE AMERICAN IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!
GULP!
NEXT TIME YOU SEE SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS, DUCK YOUR HEAD AND COUNT TO 20 -- MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT ANNOYING THE NAVY!
GUESS I CAN CONSIDER MYSELF SQUELCHED -- THINK I'LL GO TO MARKI AND LIST COSWELL'S ESTATE. WHEN I GET THROUGH MAYBE I'LL CHANGE THAT OFFICER'S MIND
8

AT WAIKIKI, SUB-MARINER CLIMBS THE WALL SURROUNDING THE COSWELL ESTATE ---
WELL SEE IF HE'S A PHILANTHROPIST!
UP WE GO! -- HOPE HE'S IN, TO CALLERS!
AS SUB MARINER OPENS THE BALCONY DOORS, A MAN WITH HEAVY JOWLS AND APE-LIKE ARMS WHIRLS ---
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?
FORGIVE THE UNCONVENTIONAL ENTRANCE, COSWELL BUT I CAME ---
--- TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT YOUR MEN ARE MAKING IN THAT ALLEGED SUGAR REFINERY!
SMILING, COSWELL PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS DESK ----- ?????
NOSEY EH, FISH-FACE?
SUDDENLY A STEEL NET DROPS FROM THE CEILING, ENGULFING SUB-MARINER!
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO FISH WHEN THEY STICK THEIR NOSES INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! HEH! HEH!
WHAT THE --!
5

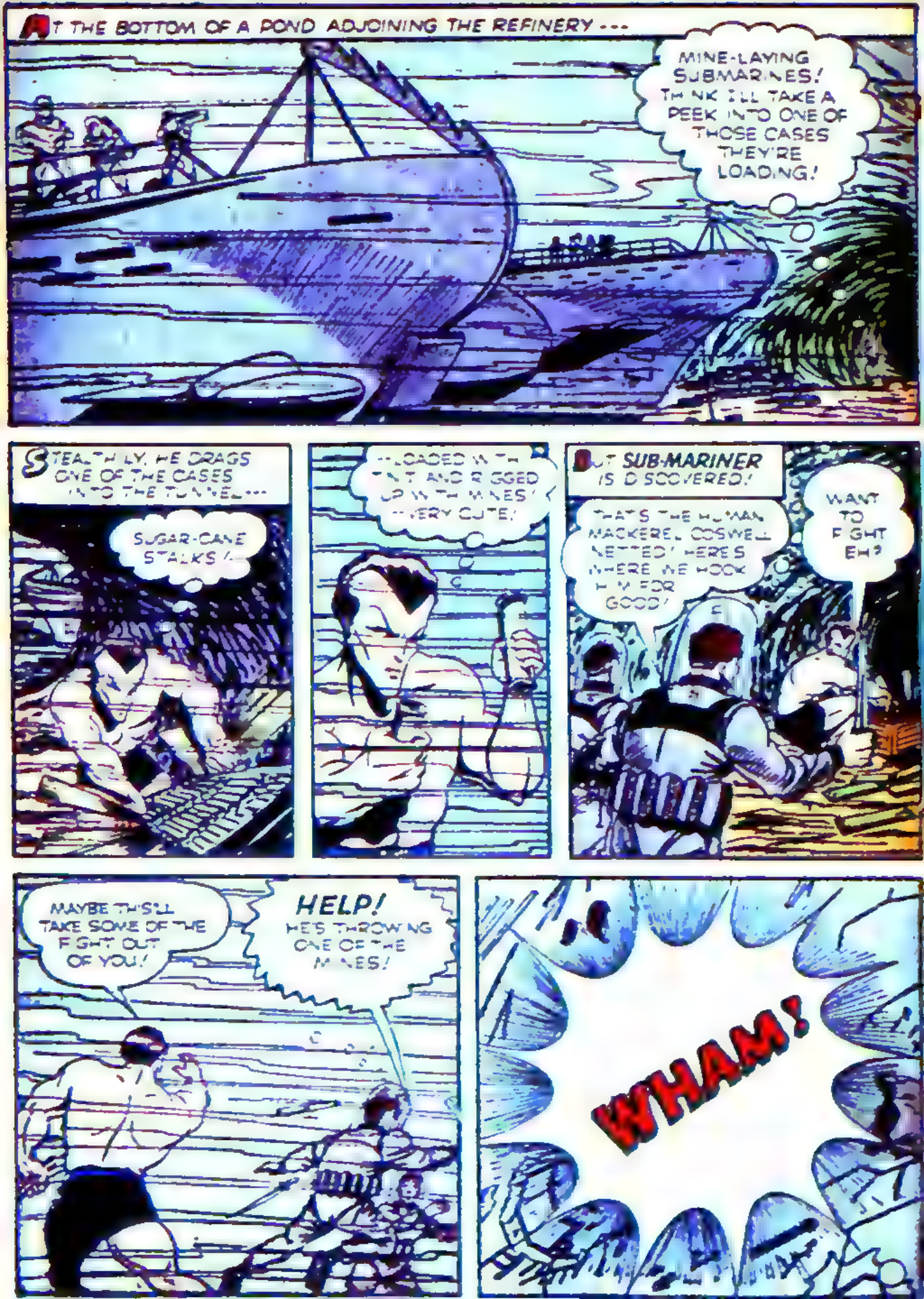

LIKE A TRAPPED SHARK, SUB-MARINER FIGHTS FURIOUSLY TO FREE HIMSELF! ---
HE'S TEARING THE STEEL TO SHREDS! -- HELP!
RRR-RR-R!
REINFORCEMENTS!
WE COME, MASTER!
ALOHA!
BONG!
WOW!
YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM!
YES -- WHERE I HAVE TAKEN OTHERS!
THE LIMOUSINE PROCEEDS INTO THE TOWN'S JAPANESE QUARTER --
OUT OF THE WAY DOG!
JOURNEY'S END -- A LITTLE CURIO SHOP
NOW MY FRIEND -- YOU WILL STAY HERE TILL YOU ROT!
R. KOMOSHO
CURIO SHOP
6

SECURELY BOUND WITH HEAVY STEEL BANDS, SUB-MARINER REGAINS HIS SENSES IN A GLOOMY DUNGEON ---
CREAK
MY HEAD'--MMM-- NICE SPOT I'M IN-- SAY WHAT'S THAT??
WONDER WHAT'S MAKING THAT SHUTTER SWING!
CREAK
PAINFULLY, HE DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE FLOOR TO THE DOOR ---
WHEN I CUT OFF THE DRAFT FROM UNDER THE DOOR WITH MY BODY, THE SHUTTER CLOSES!
BANG
AND WHEN I LEAN AWAY FROM THE CRACK UNDER THE DOOR, THE DRAFT OPENS THE SHUTTER!--THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
A GIMMICK FALLING'--NOW, IF I ONLY HAD A MATCH! --WAIT--THERE'S A SUBSTITUTE--A PIECE OF STONE!
INCHES OVER TO THE STONE, GETS IT, SCRAPES IT AGAINST THE FLOOR ---
HERE'S HOPING I CAN WORK UP ENOUGH SPARKS TO IGNITE THE STRAW!
IT WORKED! --THE STRAW'S BURNING!
NOW, TO RETURN TO THE DOOR AND GET THAT SHUTTER WORKING! SIGNALS---ON!

USING THE DRAFT AND FLAME TO PRODUCE A SERIES OF SIGNALS, THE SUB-MARINER WORKS FRANTICALLY AS THE DUNGEON FILLS WITH SMOKE ...
(COUGH!)--WHEW! IF THIS SMOKE INCREASES, I WON'T LAST LONG!
OUTSIDE THE CURIO SHOP-- TWO SAILORS SEE ...
LOOK! THAT LIGHT! IT'S GOIN ON AND OFF!
MAYBE IT'S A MESSAGE!
YOU'RE A SIGNALMAN! WHAT'S IT SAY?
IT--IT'S MORSE FOR "S O S!" C'MON! WE'VE GOTTA GET HELP!
THE GOBS RACE TO THE SHORE PATROL STATION!
GOOD WORK, MEN!-- HELLO!-- I WANT YOU TO SEND A TRUCKLOAD OF MEN TO KOMOSHO'S CURIO SHOP! WE BELIEVE AN AMERICAN'S BEING HELD THERE!
HERE COMES THE NAVY!
STEP ON IT, JIM!
BUT OTHER EYES HAVE CAUGHT THE MESSAGE!
IT IS GOOD THING WE SAW THE SMOKE!
THE BIG HAWAIIAN DASHES INTO THE SHOP, EMERGES A MOMENT LATER ...
AND NOW WE SHALL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE --HAWAIIAN STYLE!
8


AS COSWELL'S CAR SWINGS AWAY FROM THE CURB, THE NAVY TRUCK ROUNDS THE CORNER!
BET THEY'VE GOT THE GUY IN THE CAR-- CHASE 'EM!
LOOK!-- SOMEONE'S BEATEN US TO THE PLACE!
THIS OUGHTA STOP 'EM!
AI-YI-I-I!
THE PURSUIT LEADS OUT OF TOWN!...
GOOD! --HEAD FOR THE CLIFF OF PALI!
WE'VE SHAKEN THOSE SAILORS OFF!
ON ROARS COSWELL'S CAR, WITH SUB-MARINER TRAPPED IN THE REAR SEAT ---
WE'RE NEARING THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! JUMP!
I'VE ALREADY JUMPED!
?
AS THE THUGS LEAP CLEAR, THE CAR TUMBLES DOWNWARD!
THIS IS WORSE THAN THE SCENIC RAILWAY!
BUT THE CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE! ...
BLAM!
TOSSED CLEAR! --GOOD THING I'VE GOT LEG WINGS TO KEEP ME UP!

NOW, HOW AM I GOING TO BREAK MY BONDS? SAY, THAT BLAZING CAR GIVES ME AN IDEA!
CAUTIOUSLY, HE EXTENDS HIS WRISTS TOWARD THE WHITE-HOT DOOR HANDLE!
WOW! IT'S HOT -- BUT!--
YEOW! IT WORKED! THE WHITE-HOT HANDLE CUT THE MANACLE LIKE A KNIFE!
ONCE MY HANDS ARE FREE, THE REST IS EASY!
NOW, TO GET BACK TO THAT REFINERY!
HE MAKES HIS WAY UNDER-WATER TO THE ISLAND LAGOON ---
WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S A TUNNEL LEADING TOWARD THE REFINERY!
WITHOUT HESITATION, HE PLUNGES INTO THE UNDER-WATER CAVERN!
THIS PLACE IS FULL OF SURPRISES! -- BET THERE'S ANOTHER ONE WAITING FOR ME! I HOPE IT'S NOT UNPLEASANT!
AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL ---
WOW! THIS TOPS 'EM ALL!
10


AT THE BOTTOM OF A POND ADJOINING THE REFINERY ---
MINE-LAYING SUBMARINES! THINK I'LL TAKE A PEEK INTO ONE OF THOSE CASES THEY'RE LOADING!
STEALTHILY, HE DRAGS ONE OF THE CASES INTO THE TUNNEL...
SUGAR-CANE STALKS!
...LOADED WITH TNT AND RIGGED UP WITH MINES! VERY CUTE!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS DISCOVERED!
THAT'S THE HUMAN MACKEREL COSWELL NETTED! HERE'S WHERE WE HOOK HIM FOR GOOD!
WANT TO FIGHT EH?
MAYBE THIS'LL TAKE SOME OF THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU!
HELP! HE'S THROWING ONE OF THE MINES!
WHAM!

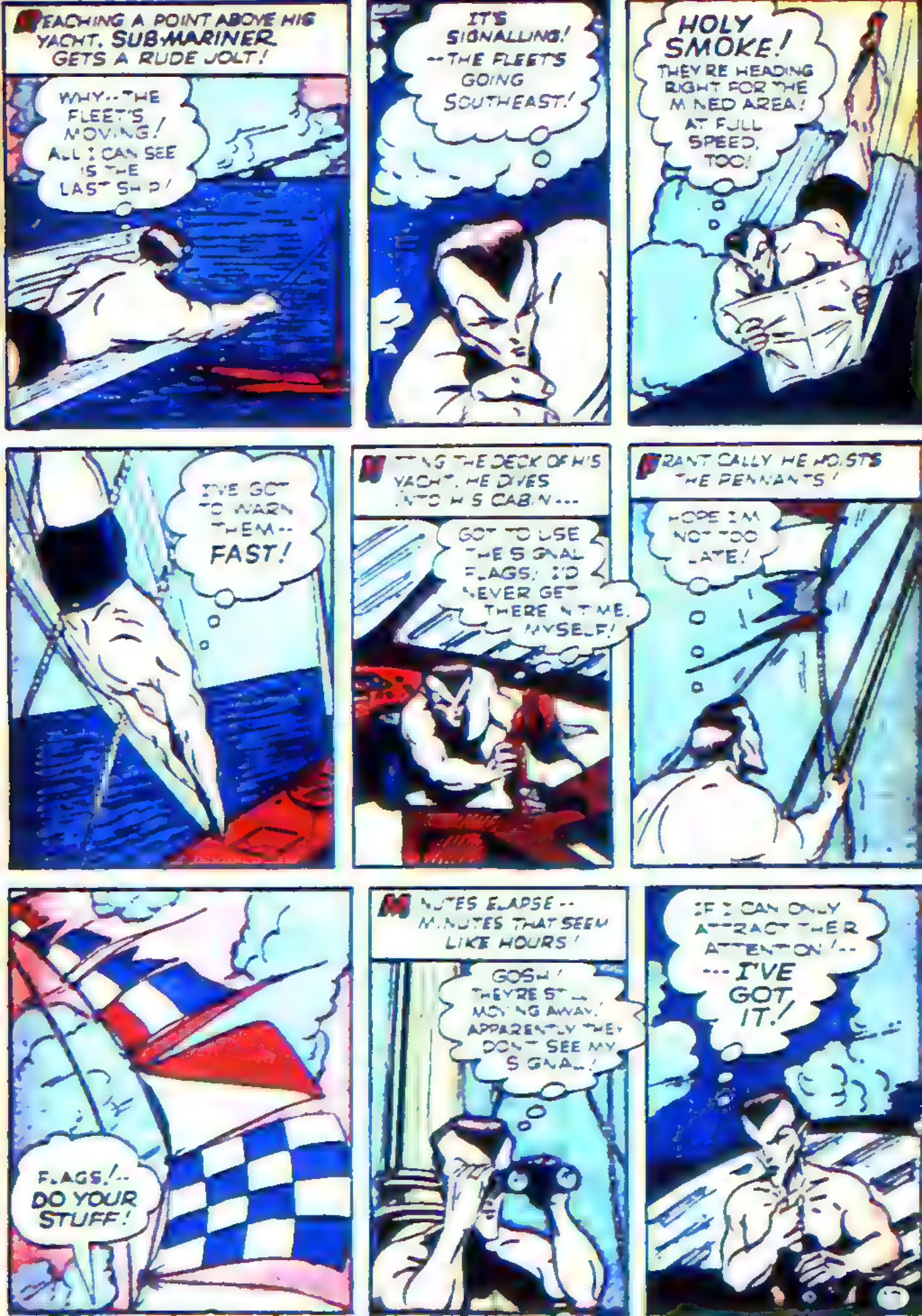
THE BLAST HURLS SUB-MARINER INTO THE AIR!
THAT DYNAMITE STICK SET 'EM ALL OFF! GUESS THOSE SUBS WON'T DO ANY DIRTY WORK NOW!
A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS ROCKS THE ISLAND!
WOW! THE WHOLE ISLAND'S SINKING!
GREAT WAVES SWEEP THE AMERICAN FLEET!
I'LL DESCEND AND TELL 'EM WHAT IT REALLY IS!
GOSH! IT'S LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
?
AHA! THE OFFICER WHO SOLICITED ME! MAYBE I'LL DO SOME SOLICITING NOW...
SUB-MARINER TELLS HIS STORY...
...NOW MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!
AFTER WHAT I JUST SAW, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
SEND A SQUAD OF MARINES TO COSWELL'S ESTATE! I MAY NEED 'EM TO MOP UP!
A SQUAD? I'LL SEND A REGIMENT!
BOY, WITH A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE M V N THE NAVY NEED SHOW THOSE TOTALITARIANS JUST WHAT WE MEAN BY FREEDOM OF THE SEAS!
NAMOR, HERE I COME!

SUB-MARINER SPEEDS TO COSWELL'S ESTATE ---
WHAT THE --? LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES.
SO YOU LET HIM WRECK THE ISLAND! BLASTED FOOLS! --AND I THOUGHT YOU'D CHUCKED HIM OFF THE CLIFF!
SOCK
WOW!
SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE MIDST OF THE CONSPIRATORS WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING!
I'LL KILL YOU THIS TIME!
THAT MAN'S BACK AGAIN! HEY!
CRACK!
CRACK!
YEOW!
CRACK!
AI-YI-I!
BIFF
YOU'RE THROUGH KING, PAL
DON'T RUN, COSWELL. I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, --MUCH!

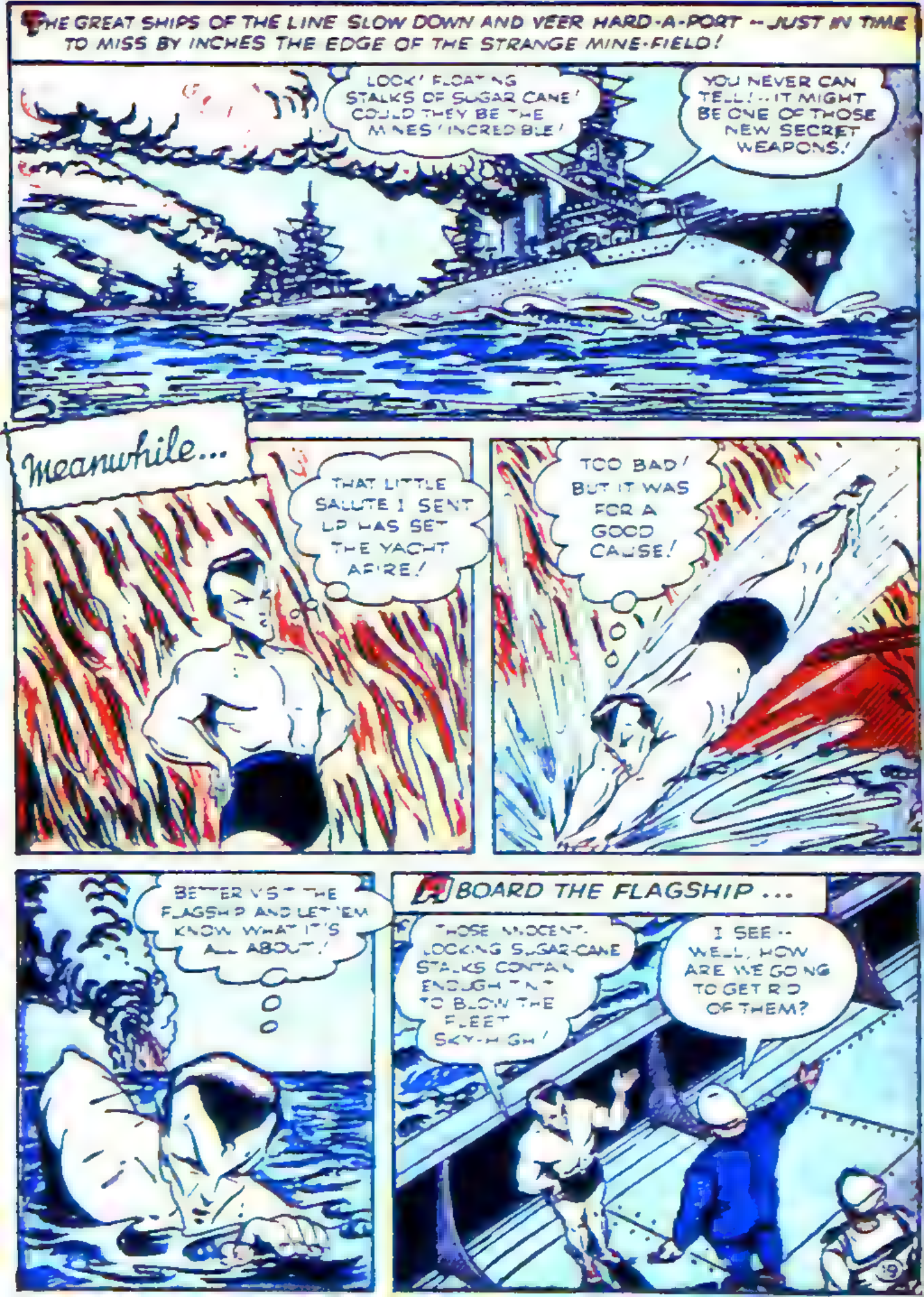
AN AVENGING FURY, SUB-MARINER POUNCES ON COSWELL!
WHOA!
LET GO! LET GO! I SAY!
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THREE SECONDS TO TALK COSWELL! IF YOU DON'T I'LL DASH YOUR BRAINS OUT! ONE TWO--
DON'T! DON'T! I'LL TALK!
HERE'S FIFTH COLUMNISTS ASSIGNED TO BLOW UP THE PACIFIC FLEET! WE'VE MINED A SOLID MILE OF WATER ALREADY!
YOU--YOU'LL FIND THE MAP OF THE MINED AREA IN MY DESK DRAWER
SUB MARINER HAS RISEN AS HE HEARS THE POUND OF FEET ON THE FLOOR!
UP AGAIN, EH? WELL DOWN YOU GO!
OO-OOF
NOW--TO GET THAT MAP!

THIS IS THE MAD! GUESS COSWELL TOLD THE TRUTH FOR ONCE!
MEANWHILE, A STEALTHY FIGURE STEALS INTO THE ROOM ... LOOK OUT, SUB-MARINER, LOOK OUT!
HERE'S WHERE I SQUARE ACCOUNTS WITH THIS MEDDLER!
GOOD THING THE FLEET'S NOT NEAR THE MINED AREA -- GIVES ME PLENTY OF TIME TO NOTIFY THEM!
BUT THE FLOOR CREAKS UNDER COSWELL'S HEAVY FOOT--- SUB-MARINER WHIRLS!
BACK AGAIN, EH? DROP THAT GUN, COSWELL!
I WILL -- AS SOON AS IT'S EMPTY! HA! HA!
RAT-AT-TAT
TAT-TA
TAT
SUB-MARINER DROPS BEHIND THE DESK AS A DEADLY STREAM OF LEAD POURS FROM THE GUN!
NO USE DUCKING! -- I'LL RIP THE DESK -- AND YOU -- TO PIECES!
WE'LL SEE!
THE GUN -- IT'S JAMMED!
TOO BAD FOR YOU! NOW LET'S SEE YOU DUCK THIS!
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE SUB-MARINER FLINGS THE DESK ACROSS THE ROOM!
DON'T RUN, COSWELL! -- IT'S ONLY A WASTE OF -- ME!

RIGHT ON THE DOME! I OUGHT TO GET A CIGAR FOR THAT!
BONG!
YEOW!
THE DESK HURLS OOSWELL CLEAN OVER THE BALCONY RAIL!
HALP!
ST... CONSCIOUS! H'S SKULL MUST BE MADE OF SOLID IVORY!
DON'T WORRY BOSS! WE'RE STILL WITH YA!
OOOOF
STILL NS ST ON MAKING ME NE WORK E-? NO WAY A MINUTE. HERE COME THE MARINES!
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

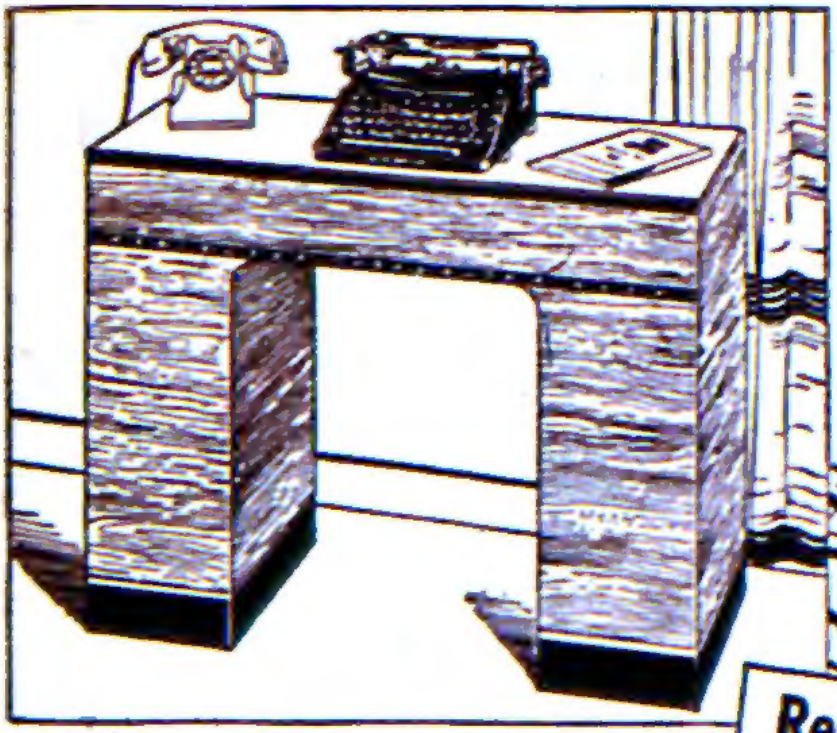

REACHING A POINT ABOVE HIS YACHT, SUBMARINER GETS A RUDE JOLT!
WHY--THE FLEET'S MOVING! ALL I CAN SEE IS THE LAST SHIP!
IT'S SIGNALLING! --THE FLEET'S GOING SOUTHEAST!
HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR THE MINED AREA! AT FULL SPEED, TOO!
I'VE GOT TO WARN THEM-- FAST!
...ING THE DECK OF HIS YACHT, HE DIVES INTO HIS CABIN...
GOT TO USE THE SIGNAL FLAGS; I'D NEVER GET THERE IN TIME, MYSELF!
FRANTICALLY HE HOISTS THE PENNANTS!
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
FLAGS!-- DO YOUR STUFF!
MINUTES ELAPSE-- MINUTES THAT SEEM LIKE HOURS!
GOSH! THEY'RE STILL MOVING AWAY! APPARENTLY THEY DON'T SEE MY SIGNAL!
IF I CAN ONLY ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION!-- ...I'VE GOT IT!

SUB-MARINER BREAKS OPEN A SHELL AND POURS ITS POWDER ON THE DECK--
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO RESORT TO DRASTIC MEASURES!
GUESS IT'S GOODBYE YACHT-- BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO SAVE THE FLEET!
THAT GUNPOWDER MAKES A SWELL FOURTH-OF-JULY SALUTE!
BOOM!
LOOK AT THAT SHEET OF FLAME!
FORGET THE FLAME! LOOK AT THOSE FLAGS! CALL THE SIGNALMAN!
SIGNALMAN TRANSLATES THE MESSAGE OF THE FLAGS.....
...TURN.....BACK --AT--ONCE---- --APPROACHING-- --MINE--FIELD.
STOP THE FLEET! --MINE FIELD!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
THE AIR SIZZLES AS THE RADIO OPERATOR TAPS OUT A DESPERATE MESSAGE!
STOP!
MINE FIELD! DEAD AHEAD!
TURN BACK!


THE GREAT SHIPS OF THE LINE SLOW DOWN AND VEER HARD-A-PORT -- JUST IN TIME TO MISS BY INCHES THE EDGE OF THE STRANGE MINE-FIELD!
LOOK! FLOATING STALKS OF SUGAR CANE! COULD THEY BE THE MINES! INCREDIBLE!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL! -- IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THOSE NEW SECRET WEAPONS!
Meanwhile...
THAT LITTLE SALUTE I SENT UP HAS SET THE YACHT AFIRE!
TOO BAD! BUT IT WAS FOR A GOOD CAUSE!
BETTER VISIT THE FLAGSHIP AND LET 'EM KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
BOARD THE FLAGSHIP ...
THOSE INNOCENT-LOOKING SUGAR-CANE STALKS CONTAIN ENOUGH TNT TO BLOW THE FLEET SKY-HIGH!
I SEE -- WELL, HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET RID OF THEM?

GIVE ME ALL THE WIRE YOU CAN SPARE! I'LL RIG UP A CIRCUIT THAT'LL SET OFF THE WHOLE FIELD!
SOUNDS NUTS! --BUT WE'LL TRY IT!
GOOD LUCK! BUT BE CAREFUL!
DON'T WORRY! I WILL!
CAUTIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER SWIMS TO THE DYNAMITE-LADEN CANE STALKS.
GOOD THING I'VE GOT A LIGHT TOUCH-- OR I'D BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!
HAVING PERFORMED THE DANGEROUS TASK OF WIRING THE STALKS, HE RETURNS TO THE SHIP.
HERE GOES! HOLD YOUR EARS BOYS! --THIS IS GOING TO BE KINDA NOISY!
WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE "SUGAR-COATED" MINE FIELD EXPLODES!
BLAM!
Later
--AND SO, I HEREBY PRESENT YOU WITH A COMMISSION MAKING YOU AN HONORARY ADMIRAL IN THE U S NAVY.
HOORAY FOR ADMIRAL NAMOR!
GEE, THANKS!
20
THRILL AGAIN! TO THE SUB-MARINER HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES - AS HE ONCE MORE DEALS A DEATH-BLOW TO EVIL, IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING COMICS MAGAZINE!

TUBBY AN TACK
BY RAY HOULIHAN
TUBBY! WAIT!
DON'T BE SO STINGY, TACK! I'LL ONLY TAKE A SHORT RIDE ON YOUR SLED!!
WOW !!!
BUT, TUB- I JIST WANNA TELL YA THE STEERING-POST IS BROKEN!!!
PLOP!
RAY HOULIHAN



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The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington can pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name .....

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C'mon— BOYS GIRLS MEN WOMEN

PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

Real Live CANARY

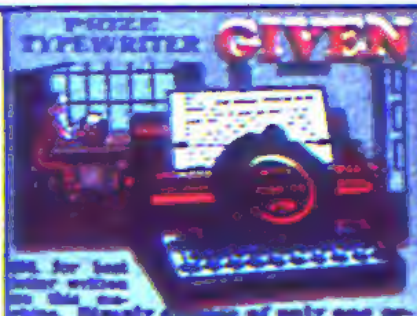
What a pal! You will love this Canary. Our Cage book gives for selling only two packets of SEEDS. WRITE TODAY. Send Express Collect.

BOTH GIVEN

GUITAR and MANDOLIN

Just the instruments for pep until you can afford those of larger size. BOTH GUITAR-Like and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



OR, for last order write us this option. Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.

RADIO Pocket Size

Needs no batteries or electrical connections. Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET GIVEN

Set of 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. GIVEN for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

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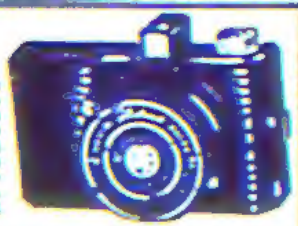
Sporting smartest new cuts. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. WRITE TODAY.

Beautiful DINNER SET

This beautiful Set Given for selling only 2 orders of Seeds. Send Express Collect.

CAMERA-Type CAMERA



Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

BLUE BIRD GRANITE GIVEN

Will Make You Proud of Your Home

Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.

Crinkled BED SPREAD

Attractive Colors

The crinkled effects are easily made in contrasting colors. Size 80 x 96. Simply dispose of only 2 orders.

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